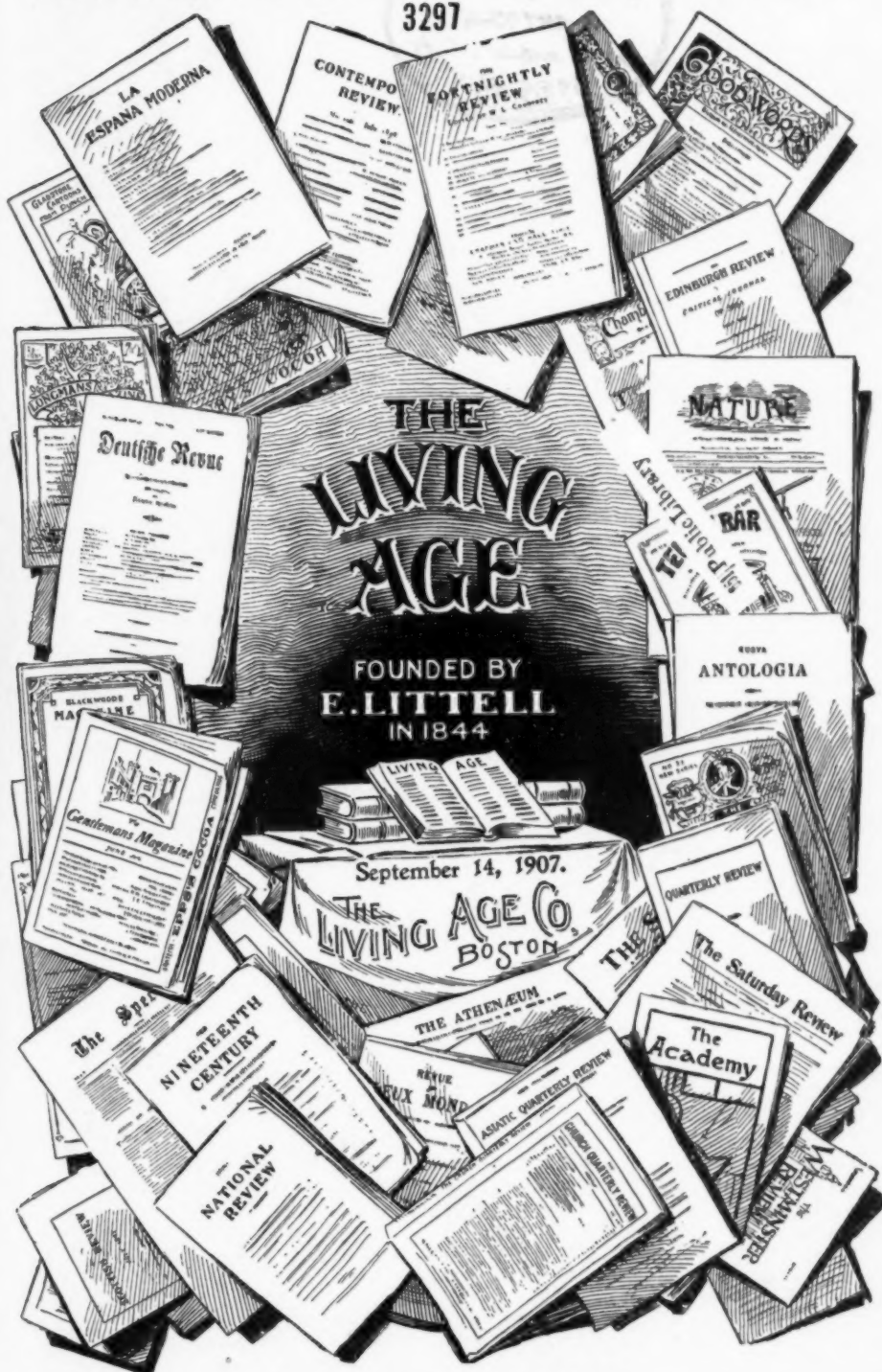


**Mr. Chamberlain.** From The National Review.

3297



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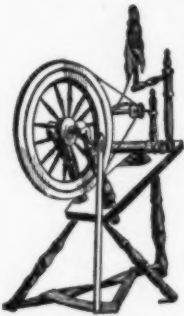
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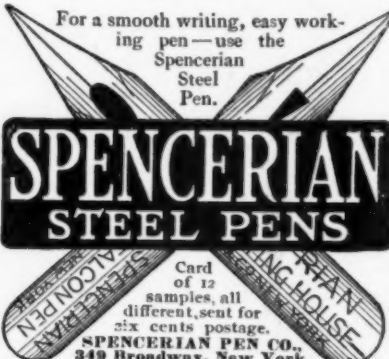
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# THE LIVING AGE.

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Vol. ccliv. }

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## THE WEE FOLK.

Have ye heard the fairy fidsils in the  
glen  
Playing soft by the banks of running  
streams,  
Lifting shadows from the weary hearts  
of men,  
Leading souls to the country of their  
dreams?

Have ye seen the fairies dancing at the  
thorn?

Soft steps in the starlight on the grass,  
Ringing circles from the moonrise till  
the morn;  
Och! heed the fairy-rings as ye pass.

Have ye heard the fairy laughter in  
the dark?

Och dear, 'tis a thing strange and slow;  
In the depths of the heather and the  
bog,  
'Tis the merry mock they make of us  
below.

Have ye ever heard the black banshee?  
Och! weary on the hearts of us then.  
'Tis the keenin'—Ochone! Ochone!  
A soul is out into the dark again.

*Mary S. MacMullan.*

*The Pall Mall Magazine.*

## CANADA'S EMBLEM.

When the white frost lies on the top-  
most rail

Which fences the fold where the  
sheep are fed;

When the stems of the purple fire weed  
fail,

And the bracken, losing its russet red,  
Takes the livid hue of the clouds o'er-  
head;

When fear of the Ghost from the white  
North grows

In the sullen pines where the wolves  
are bred,

In gold and in crimson the Maple  
glows.

When under the stars, on an unseen  
trail,

The hosts of the clamorous fowl have  
sped;

When the old folk die and the young  
folk all,

And the homing cattle, by instinct  
led,

Come wandering down to the ranch-  
er's stead;

When the old year draws to a dreary  
close,

And the hearts of men are oppressed  
by dread,

In gold and in crimson the Maple  
glows.

When the rain-storms thresh with piti-  
less flail

The last faint flowers in the garden  
bed,

And the sloops drive home under short-  
ened sail;

When the songs are over and song-  
birds dead

And the last farewell of the autumn  
said,

Whilst a bleak world shudders because  
it knows

That the feet of its dying are round  
its dead,

In gold and in crimson the Maple  
glows.

*L'Envoi.*

Even so should a brave man's sunset  
shed

From the heights of pain, through the  
mist of woes,

A flame on the path which we all must  
tread—

In gold and in crimson the Maple  
glows.

*Clive Phillippe-Wolley.*

*Pier Island, B.C.*

*The Spectator.*

## TEMPLA SERENA.

How shine the days, the years that  
lead

The wanderer to his lifelong goal,

If but he knows himself indeed

One with his friend in heart and soul!

Nor to the west nor to the east,

Like those wise men of old, he turns:

For worshipping he wants no priest,

The star within his bosom burns.

*Reynold A. Nicholson.*

*The Athenaeum.*

**MR. CHAMBERLAIN.**

If there is one clue to Mr. Chamberlain's career it must be worth tracing. His seventy-first birthday proved that he has still an unequalled hold upon the country. By comparison, no other statesman can be said to exert national influence. It is illogical to suppose that democracy can ever cease to be subject to the spell of strong personality. Individuals alone can think; crowds can only agree. No believer in the people carries his faith to the point of proposing to confide executive functions to a mob. Democracy, like mother earth, is profoundly feminine—using the word in distinction, not in reproach, for it ought to imply no weakness, but a differentiation of power—and wholly depends for political efficiency upon masculine leadership. Whatever that may be, and it is named sooner than described, it is clear that in Mr. Chamberlain's absence we do not possess it. Other men, other qualities, but not only have we no men on either side of politics with the same active and lucid genius; we have no one who seems able to imitate Mr. Chamberlain effectively, or to follow his career at a distance. We have no one who seems to have considered with care the lessons of a biography already copiously written. There is no one with a similar method of stripping talk and work of the superfluous, and keeping in both a clean grip upon the essential; no one whose words leave the same stamped impression upon the popular mind; no one whose ideas have a similar effect in organizing other people's convictions; no one with the same instinct for identifying himself with one thing at a time; no one whose activities have the same power to keep a subject moving. Mr. Chamberlain never argued any question that he did not simplify

in phrases which the whole country was compelled to memorize, though they owed nothing to verbal effects, and were framed to crystallize the matter. Mr. Chamberlain never took up any question that he did not drive. He changed the whole alignment of political controversy again and again, and forced the struggle to form round his purposes as a mediæval battle closed round the war-car of a Lombard Commune. Home Rule has been lost since Mr. Chamberlain commenced decisively to oppose it. The House of Lords has been safe since Mr. Chamberlain ceased to assail it. The peers may begin to be alarmed, and only then, when accents as composed and dangerous as the Birmingham and Denbigh speeches of 1884 begin to rise above the falsetto of the present ministerial chorus.

But the greatest tribute to the power of Mr. Chamberlain's personality has been furnished by the circumstances of the twelve months which have just elapsed. His hand has been withdrawn from his work, yet his work stands. Even the national disaster of his illness has been turned into wonderful testimony to the solidity with which he has built. His opponents have enjoyed every conceivable advantage. They seemed to be allied for a time with the stars in their courses. They had the illogical but immense benefit of a climax in the world's trade affecting every country alike. As an official observer has just remarked, "the wisdom of a country's commercial prosperity can only be tested in periods of a receding tide."<sup>1</sup> Our free importers have had the profit of Mr. Balfour's intermittent methods; they

<sup>1</sup> *Consular Reports, 1907. "Frankfort" (deals with all Germany), by Consul-General Oppenheimer, No. 384.*

have been helped by the unspent prejudice against the memory of the late Government; and they have had other miscellaneous godsend. Never was a political cause so favored by a conspiracy of accidents and a monopoly of luck. Had the economic reformation been but "man's work" in Luther's sense and destined to perish, it must infallibly have disappeared. But it has not been wiped out; it has risen, and it continues to rise, as by the silent force, imperceptible, irresistible, of a geological upthrust. No encumbrance can depress it. It lifts the mass. Financial efficiency, commercial security, sea-power and Imperial union; social reform, as the alternative to Socialist ascendancy; the moral causes for which men like Mr. Strachey and Lord Hugh Cecil most care, and to which the rest of us are not indifferent, all are bound up with the future of the tariff. If the State is founded upon the revenue we must have a safer State upon a broader basis. We must "make" the Empire as surely as Cavour "made Italy." After the perilous test of last year with Tariff Reform going forward from the original impulse without the aid of fresh force from its author, it seems to some of us that Cavour's work was not more predestined to inevitable completeness by the situation it had created when half done, than Mr. Chamberlain's work is now fore-assured of accomplishment. Those who are bound to think this estimate of the future false, will at least admit this much—that as an example of personal force in politics, the tariff agitation has not been surpassed. It has given the full measure of a very memorable man whose possibilities could have been but imperfectly deduced from his previous achievements, and it has fixed Mr. Chamberlain's place among the high figures of English statesmanship and with the higher among the few. There

has, as it happens, been one parallel to the misfortune which has robbed Tariff Reform for a time of its leader. Chamberlain's gout perhaps lost America. During the fateful crisis in the fortunes of the two main branches of the English-speaking race, the one man who might have kept them together was absent for years together from the field. But great as were his powers to inspire and destroy, he had no gift of party organization; his peerage had removed him from the House of Commons where most of the mischief was done; when he went to shut himself up for a long period at Hayes, his influence hardly survived the sound of his coach-wheels. Whatever may be the faults of the people they are more faithful than the oligarchy ever was and less factious than it was always. Highbury, in that respect, has been a happier retreat than Hayes. If Mr. Chamberlain returned to active leadership to-morrow, it would be not merely to know that his policy had held firm, but to find the ropes lengthened and the stakes strengthened.

One wonders whether Mr. Gladstone realized in the old days that he was the last of the old line of statesmen; that his lieutenant and adversary was the first of the new. The breach opening gradually between them was a cleavage not merely between two men, but between two epochs. What, then, is the real Mr. Chamberlain? Singular question. Has he not addressed more meetings in more parts of the country than any one before him, save the inexhaustible of Midlothian himself? Have not his orchid and his eyeglass been made as familiar in the caricatures of all nations as were Mr. Gladstone's collars? Admitted long ago by his strongest opponents to be at least a great Member of Parliament, has he not been viewed by the whole country for a quarter of a century through the magnifying lenses of the Parliamen-

tary reports? Have not endless speeches by other people been founded upon his own? Have not leading articles in countless quantity been written upon his sayings and doings, so that if all these utterances were cut out and pinned together in a string they would stretch to astronomical distances beyond computation by the Royal Society? Has not Mr. Chamberlain's life been done or attempted in at least eight large volumes and numerous small ones? Besides all this, are not the facts of Mr. Chamberlain's career in every man's knowledge, and so simple that they speak for themselves?

There, however, is the difficulty. Mr. Chamberlain's proceedings have been as concise as his words. He has had the same style in action. The visible lines of his career have been traced with the verve and economy of a Japanese print; but behind it has there not been something of the same psychological enigma? There is the same sharp brilliancy of technique, and, nevertheless, with it all, the sense of an inner personality not easily approachable. Mr. Chamberlain's private existence has been as much more reserved than Mr. Gladstone's as his public style has been more open and bolder. This is part of Mr. Chamberlain's greatness, and this is one of the things which have been missed by the authors of popular caricatures and the writers of Radical tracts. But what have they not missed? To the German cartoonist the sometime Colonial Secretary was a monster in teeth and tentacles settling his grip on the globe. To our own greatest among living analysts of human nature, Mr. Chamberlain has appeared as a mad motorman. His steering-power has been at least as remarkable as his pace; what other political motorist have we had to take such curves between cliff and precipice, and to take them with safety? Again, the artist-laureate to the late Opposi-

tion and the present Ministry, has popularized an entirely mythical Mr. Chamberlain—a figure in form, feature, and behavior so little resembling the supposed original; so entirely unlike that trenchant profile, dead-straight glance, and telling, but controlled, gesture—that although the comic *cliché* take high rank as a pure invention, it is more inspired by reminiscences of Dickens than by any shape which has been known to the House of Commons.

Stranger still is the legend which has taken form in the mind of the unsophisticated Radical. He takes Mr. Chamberlain to be the complete pupil of that other imaginary personage identified in the popular mind with the name of Machiavelli. Upon this view his mind is a network of wiles; his motives are generally numerous and bad, though sometimes they can be very simple when they are enormously bad; he performs cold miracles of unscrupulous calculation; he is, in short, the domestic equivalent of that other imaginary thing, Muscovite diplomacy. Poor public at large. One wonders whether it ever realizes the state of profound ignorance it is necessarily kept under and votes under. We speak of the full glare of modern publicity, meaning nothing more than that journalism exists. But the full glare of journalism is as little helpful to plain vision as Bengal fire. The most interesting and important communications and confidences received by every considerable newspaper are those that it is impossible to publish. Diplomacy is chiefly guided by papers that never appear in the Blue-books and by conversations which cannot be hinted at. Statesmen are constantly prevented by private honor and the public interest from using the arguments which would be most convincing, and they find themselves again and again compelled to defend proceedings which it is impossible for them to explain. Similarly

the true character of contemporary statesmen is hardly ever understood in the least by the crowds that applaud or attack them. Great statesmen are always as human as other men; they may possess a more complete command of a bigger humanity; but the one thing they cannot afford to do is to wear their heart upon their sleeve, or to exhibit that organ in any way except upon the rarest occasions. All the conditions of democracy compel a greater reserve in that respect than was formerly necessary, and the protests of personal emotion in which Charles James Fox and his contemporaries could indulge with impunity, when politics were entirely in the hands of the inner social set who knew all about each other, would be very ill-advised now. In a word, there is a new privacy as a result of the new publicity, and the good populace, whose ideas are a strange medley of general impressions derived from the loose descriptions of the press, has always a very imperfect knowledge of the questions it is voting upon, and of the persons it is voting for or against.

Certain delusions upon the subject of the mythical Mr. Chamberlain are curious but excusable. Mr. Lloyd-George, for instance, in the Colonial Conference debates, seemed to share the venerable belief that everything is explained upon a theory of astuteness. He spoke of it half-admiringly as though astuteness in politics were a boundary pillar upon the frontiers of vice and virtue, or were a monument to bad eminence, such as righteous persons may denounce even when they habitually use it as a landmark. It would, of course, be weak hypocrisy to pretend that Mr. Chamberlain has ever been deficient in strategy or squeamish in attack. General Elections, when they result in a transfer of majorities, are statutory revolutions, and those who attempt to make them with rose-water will always be led to

the political guillotine. Mr. Chamberlain has, like no other man amongst us, the captain's eye for the conditions of the field. He reckons with the reality of passions as well as of interests in national life. He knows that it is absolutely necessary not only to awake public attention, but to concentrate it. He knows that an opponent's position is generally broken down by bringing the whole force of an attack to bear upon the one point where it is likeliest to go through. For this purpose in democratic politics, the power of caricature is perhaps essential. The Ministerialists have had almost a monopoly of the pictorial use of that art. Mr. Chamberlain was its unrivalled master upon the platform, and it is singular that a party which rejoices in what is called the geniality of Sir Frank Gould's pencil should be made peculiarly unhappy by Mr. Chamberlain's phrases. Again he has refused to allow the Liberal party to jump all the paying claims in legislation: he has pegged out in unexpected places which the rival diggers had looked upon as their ultimate own, but had never had decision enough to occupy. This has been probably his worst offence in the eyes of those who attribute all his successes to ruthless astuteness. A party leader with the gift of winning elections—that is, of holding popular support—is certain to be denounced for black arts. Parties never admit that they are fairly beaten, but invariably maintain that they have been betrayed. Mr. Chamberlain's blackest art has been a maddening power of nonplussing opponents who had meant to stick at nothing. When all these things are said, it must be clear to reasoning men that the theory of Mr. Chamberlain's unscrupulousness — "*The Prince*, by Machiavelli," ought to have a burlesque pendant: "*Prince's Gardens*, by the same author"—does not carry us very far in explanation of a career



which has left its ineffaceable stamp upon party organization, upon the traditions of Parliamentary style, upon social legislation, upon Imperial history itself.

It would be simpler to admit that Mr. Chamberlain is a very great man. The world is always as reluctant to recognize the quality of greatness in any figure of real life as are newspapers to mention their contemporaries. Take the measures with which Mr. Chamberlain's name is chiefly identified. Free Education and the Workmen's Compensation Act left a far deeper trace upon the life of the vast majority of the people of the United Kingdom than did Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Act. The former involved principles reaching much further and of the weightiest moment for the future of the nation. Even Old Age Pensions, whichever of the parties may be destined to carry that measure, will always be regarded by historians of our era as a part of the Birmingham programme, forced to the front by his action even if not financed as he would have wished, or modelled in the shape he would have preferred. We shall return to this subject at another point, but for the present it is enough to say that Mr. Chamberlain's various unauthorized programmes have been the equivalent for this country of Prince Bismarck's economic and social legislation. Administratively Mr. Chamberlain's tenure of the Colonial Office was of far more permanent importance for all the British people than Mr. Gladstone's tenure of the Treasury. Party prejudice cannot be so abject when the country's blood is tolerably cool, as to attribute all these things to Mr. Chamberlain's electioneering witchcraft. Why not admit that throughout his whole career, the constructive quality of Mr. Chamberlain's working genius has been as conspicuous as his destructive ability in debate, and that

all his shrewd mastery of the electioneering arts and crafts would have been in vain, without his large and definite purposes, the initiating energy of his whole nature and his measureless courage?

The open secret of the matter is that Mr. Chamberlain owes his power over democracy not at all to the deviousness of his mind and method, but to their matchless simplicity. When will politicians realize that this is the vital principle of action as well as of style? To be simple, as a French writer somewhere remarks, is admittedly desirable, but to be simple is very hard. That is infinitely true. There is a certain facile and feeble lucidity, which is of no worth at all, common enough among people who have never had passion enough to be deep nor thought enough to be complex. But the final crystallization of idea and purpose in a mind capable of the great processes,—that is apt to be the strongest of all things in politics. This is the characteristic in which Mr. Chamberlain, as it seems to the present writer, has been quite unrivalled. He has stood vigilantly on guard against the too much until the habit of going the straightest way to the essential has become second nature to him. This is, of course, precisely what makes the moderation of considerable men more momentous than the vehemence of others. To be really dramatic it is necessary not to be theatrical. Mr. Chamberlain is as simple as Chatham could be when he had no time to prepare, and as Mr. Gladstone, for instance, never was. We cannot doubt that he gained much by early contact with the incomparable transparency of Mr. Bright's style, which had nevertheless such substance, that we might describe it as being cut out of rock-crystal but that the image would be too cold. The purpose of public speakers is primarily to make themselves understood, to leave per-

fectly definite impressions upon the minds of those they address. People who wish to utter themselves at large have no business upon the platform where no more is in place than can be assimilated by the audience who must grasp every sentence at once if they are to travel with the argument. Again, it is not enough for the sentences to be directly stated unless the whole speech is direct in its movement. Audiences like to feel that they are being marched upon the main roads of a controversy instead of being kept in the by-paths. In this respect Mr. Chamberlain's method is of supreme excellence. He swerves neither to the right nor to the left; he makes for his mark with exhilarating energy and does not overshoot it; he does not crowd his effects, nor exhaust his resources, nor allow himself to make any point, no matter how good, unless it assists the development of his theme. He is compact. Above all, he conveys the impression that he is in complete command of the scene. He keeps in hand his audience, his argument and himself.

An art of this force, spontaneity and restraint, is not to be compassed without the extreme pains which must be devoted in every art to the mastery of technical means. The last word upon the necessity and the object of taking infinite pains to speak well has been said by Mr. Chamberlain himself. The occasion was furnished by the Jubilee of the Birmingham Debating Society in 1896; the passage, which ought to be committed to memory by every man who desires to take an effective part in the public life of the nation, is as follows:

No good argument was ever perfectly rendered without serious labor. . . . I imagine that the experience of all of us will suggest instances in which even good speakers would have spoken better if they had adopted a little more

compression. That means trouble; that means pains. Mr. Bright, whom I consider to have been in his prime the greatest orator of our generation, took infinite pains in the preparation of his speeches, giving even as much as a week or more to the elaboration of his thoughts.

But it is not enough even to convince; the political leader must be able to marshal human forces and impel them. Speakers of transparent clarity have been known to leave their hearers cold. The whole end of political effort is to get certain things done and to prevent other things from being done. Opinion has to be made active, and to that end feeling has to be touched. Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone in their different ways had prophetic fervor, although in every other respect their characteristics of mind and style differed utterly. Mr. Chamberlain's command of trenchant and scintillating statement, of right order in the succession of his arguments, of measure and proportion throughout, has always been accompanied by a strange gift of touching passion. Among all his characteristics in debate this is the most formidable, and his strong effects are secured by subtle means. Any other element in his influence may be more easily analyzed than this. As between the orator and the audience it was a working of character upon character until an electric tension was created between them. Perhaps the reason was that Mr. Chamberlain always knew, as not one of his contemporaries did, how to create the quiet before thunder. At his greatest moments his voice was lowered, not raised. There was a controlled and dangerous underswell in his delivery. It had a power to incite and agitate to a degree not to be equalled by the most vehement resources of high rhetoric or even by the utmost energy of more excited earnestness.

That style, indeed, is an index to the

rest. As the debater never lost himself in the intricacies of his own argument, the statesman never lost himself in the mazes of his own thoughts. Mr. Chamberlain has not only been direct with his audiences, but, and it is a rarer thing, he has been equally direct with his own mind. To him—true Aristotelian in this—the end of life has been action. The intensely practical bent of his reflections and the rapidity and decision of his proceedings have secured the successes supposed to have been won by the Machiavellian devices of the mythical Mr. Chamberlain. While others, with the ordinary politician's inclination to indefinite postponement, have dozed upon ideals, his mind was concentrated upon questions of method. When he was prepared his opponents usually were not; he went through their defences at once; and when taken by surprise they attributed to deep-laid conspiracy what was the result of his power of making up his mind and of risking great strokes. He drove his campaigns. He kept his supporters in movement and the enemy on the run. In our irresolute world of nebulous aspirations, so seldom hardening into perfectly clear and firm intention, Mr. Chamberlain from first to last has always been a centre of definite plans. Simplicity and concentration of method, let us repeat, have been the secrets of his career, not multiplex plotting of the Bismarckian order. Where the mere foxes of politics, like their kind in the fable, have had their hundred tricks, Mr. Chamberlain has simply had the one trick that beat them all.

There, indeed, we get undoubtedly at the moral unity of his career. The devil is the great incognito of many aliases, but after all if his real name were discovered it would probably be found to be no other than this—inertia. Of that vice, so infinitely oppressive to mankind, Mr. Chamberlain has always

been the natural enemy. It was not possible for him to endure drift, or to be responsible for methods without trying to improve them, or to find himself in the midst of chaos without desiring to call it to order. A personality positive to the finger-tips, he had in him the root of the matter now known as the law of efficiency—which is that if things are done wrong there must be some way of doing them right, and if things are done right, there must be some way of doing them better. It is no purpose of a series of marginal notes like these to summarize the well-known facts of Mr. Chamberlain's career. But in every phase of it he has been not the intriguer, the agitator, but simply the organizer. All his powers of speech have been used as a driving belt for bringing popular force to bear upon political machinery. Like every healthy person amongst us, his sympathies would be all with the American child who wanted to see the wheels go round. And he has always made them go round. In business in his early life he was already the organizer. He devised a policy of union for a trade, and substituted consolidated interests for a suicidal separatism. He already felt that the day of little things was passing by. In the municipal life of Birmingham he was still the organizer. Questions began to advance as soon as he touched them. *Laissez faire* vanished when he appeared. He gave his adopted city the constructive instinct which he has given in recent years to his adopted party. Had he never entered the House of Commons, which he might not have done but for the Birmingham by-election of 1876, he would have been radioactive and dynamic in some other direction—in any event a national figure.

Consider, again, his relations to the parties. The mythical Mr. Chamberlain is supposed to have been the most sedulous of partisans, subordinating

everything to the interest of his side. At other times he is described by the same persons as a wrecker who sacrifices the interests of his side to his personal bent. One of these charges answers the other, and the truth lies where it ought, between them. The problem of reconciling personal independence with party discipline is perhaps the hardest in public life. For the private member whose vote is practically held as a proxy in the hands of his leaders, for the ordinary characterless item in a docile majority who does as he is bid—like the big battalion of Radical gentlemen who voted the other day for the continuance of the Sugar Duty, though pledged to its repeal—the multitude has no respect. Upon the other hand, the typical mugwump who vindicates his impartiality by exhibiting a steady bias against his own side, who will neither work with his party nor leave it, is merely a loose screw in the parliamentary machine and ought to be replaced. All depends upon measure and judgment applied to particular emergencies if independence is to be effective, and the representative of a constituency is neither to be an unconsidered hack nor an impotent nuisance. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, has solved the problem of working through the party system without being subdued by it. With an individuality more strongly marked than Lord Randolph Churchill's or Lord Rosebery's, with a greater fertility and energy of initiative, he has been neither precipitate nor supine, but has gradually asserted his personal policy with a self-controlled staying power not possessed, unhappily, by either Lord Rosebery or Lord Randolph.

He was still and always the organizer, whose speeches were the least part of him, though no one spoke so well after Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright were departed. He had been the organizer in business up to the point

where he preferred public service to added wealth. He had been the organizer of municipal life. He had reorganized the party system in the constituencies. He brought to the House of Commons, not the candle-end of a life, as in the case of many successful business men who enter that assembly late, but the prime of his vigor. He had clarified the whole spirit of debate, and had been a great head of a department. After 1886 his orbit widened, but the creative energies were the same. He was the most potent among popular leaders, yet more than any other man he dared to be hated. That is the real test of political courage, and the real condition of the highest political efficiency. In the first decade or so after the Home Rule disruption, he was the organizer of social reform through the medium of the Conservative Party; and in the second decade his extraordinary destiny reached full scope and he became more and more obviously the organizer of Empire. Let us remember these two achievements together, for when we forget either of them, the Unionist Party as we know it may enjoy fitful intervals of office in brief spasms of political reaction, but it will not again be predominant for any lengthened period, and will have to surrender one by one the positions it exists to defend. If the Opposition is once reduced to the negative rôle and is not to have a strong alternative programme of positive legislation it will indefinitely remain an Opposition. As reform is the cure for revolution, social legislation will prove to be the only preventive of Socialist Government. The General Election of last year showed for the first time the full effect of the extension of the franchise in 1885. To discuss whether democracy is a more or a less defective system, may still be interesting as an abstract speculation. The practical fact is that democracy is

unalterably there as the political medium through which we have to work. It may be predominantly Socialist or predominantly Imperialist. Which of these is it to be is the greatest question likely to confront us in the near future. No man can hold power except upon the basis of a genuine popular party majority. Like it or not that is the condition. It is idle to suppose that a popular majority can ever be held for long upon the old principles of Conservative resistance. If the Unionist Party does not offer a programme of constructive change the parties of destructive change will sweep the constituencies again and again. Above all, there can be no party of the Empire which is not in some strong and definite sense the party of the people. The greatest peril of the Opposition is that the Liberal-Unionist leaven of 1886 has been ceasing to work in it.

Yet, if we look into it it will be seen to be an instructive as well as a fortunate circumstance that Mr. Chamberlain began as a Radical and as a political leader of dissent. It would have been impossible for him to acquire upon the Conservative side in the first half of his career the popular influence so brilliantly directed in the sequel to Imperial purposes. It is a remarkable fact, upon the other hand, that no single contemporary politician reared in a purely Conservative atmosphere enjoys any considerable personal influence

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in this country. Even Mr. Balfour is not a power among the people. The contrast is significant, and the question is wider than the immediate aspects of Tariff Reform. No cool politician can doubt that the success of that policy is now but a question of time. Mr. Asquith's Budget was in that sense the ideal present for Mr. Chamberlain's seventy-first birthday. Even his stiffest opponents in the Unionist party declare that there is no financial alternative; they warn the country that Tariff Reform will be inevitable if Old Age Pensions are to come. It is desirable that they should come; it is certain that they will. The party which carried Accident Insurance in the struggle for the union cannot shirk the question of Age Insurance in the struggle for the Empire. Nothing but the spirit of Conservative democratic legislation which has saved the State in the last twenty years, can save it in the future. For the Unionist Party, henceforth, the tariff is the only possible basis of social reform, national finance, and Imperial union. It is destined to be the keystone completing and sustaining the strength of the King's dominions, and upon the front of that stone, one name must be for ever engraved. When Mr. Chamberlain reappears, as we hope, in the House of Commons next session, he will remind the Unionist Party, not only of the cause it lives for, but of the spirit by which alone it can live.

*J. L. Garvin.*

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## SOCIETY ACCORDING TO MARIA EDGEWORTH.

Shortly after the death of Maria Edgeworth in 1849 her "collected works" were issued complete for the third time with all the advantages of handsome exterior and doubtful steel engravings. The novels had made what was then a phenomenal number

of separate appearances, commanding equally large sales in every variety of form.

This makes the suddenness with which their writer slipped from her lofty pinnacle of fame all the more surprising; for until 1893 there was appar-

ently no call for a new edition of the books for which something like a world-wide reputation was so immediately acquired. Even then the partial reprint was but tentative, and stopped short incomplete, the publishers themselves admitting that it secured no real welcome either in England or in America. Pretty covers wearing the Irish green, patriotically harped and sham-rocked, failed to attract readers busy just then with the "problems" in their heyday of success.

Yet to contrast *Society* as it was reflected in fiction circa 1800 with the *Society* of to-day viewed through the same medium is decidedly amusing, and may account for the unexpected appearance in 1903 of *Ormond* and *Castle Rackrent*, endeavoring, by the aid of charming illustrations and delightful prefaces by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, to recapture their lost popularity. It is, moreover, startling to perceive how little save the vocabulary has altered.

Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen have changed places. The one had her long, prosperous life sweetened by universal recognition of what friends and critics, with unwonted unanimity, alike fondly proclaimed genius; the other simply had the genius without the recognition. Posterity has not merely reconsidered the contemporary verdict. The author of *The Absentee* is now placed so far below the writer of *Emma* as to be unjustly defrauded of the position she really occupies.

Yet Miss Edgeworth is sure of literary immortality, be her much-belauded "works" never so neglected. It is easy to overlook the note in Macaulay's history in which he praised "that admirable portrait, King Corny," and filled the modest Maria with excusable joy and pride by so doing, for it is but a passing hint of the appreciation he so frequently expressed in his correspondence.

To turn to the preface of *Waverley* is,

however, to realize immediately that to her we owe a deep debt of gratitude. Sir Walter Scott is not content with rendering complete homage to the "rich humor, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact of my accomplished friend." He declares that "I felt that something might be attempted for my own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland." Propitious was the hour when he could say: "*Castle Rackrent* worked in me emulation, and disturbed my indolence." If it be indeed true that Dumas was inspired to effort by the desire of imitating Scott, how precious were the consequences sequent on the ability of one clever woman. To be even thus remotely connected with the evolution of *Old Mortality* and the deathless D'Artagnan, with the glorious "age of velvet and bright steel," of high romance, is surely ample compensation for the neglect of a day of meaner men.

The would-be Edgeworthian is, indeed, always confronted with a puzzling divergence of opinion, not as to her indisputable merit, but as to its degree. Taine, in his enthusiasm, appears to us a trifle ridiculous when he says that "a volume of Thackeray has the cruel misfortune of recalling the novels of Miss Edgeworth," for we have at least learnt to understand our *Vanity Fair* since Charlotte Brontë proclaimed in burning words that a prophet had come among us. Robert Hall, the eminent Baptist preacher, unexpectedly makes an attack upon that moral upon which the "*Tales of Fashionable Life* had taken their stronghold." He alleges that "Miss Edgeworth does not attack religion or inveigh against it, but makes it unnecessary by producing perfect virtue without it. No books ever produced so bad an effect upon my mind as hers." The severe preacher would not have had to complain of want of polemical theology in



fiction had he flourished in the days of *Robert Elsmere* and *Helbeck of Bannisdale*.

Byron naturally had no quarrel with her upon this head. In his diary for January, 1821, he thus sums up her books: "I admire them; but they excite no feeling and they leave no love except for some Irish steward or postillion. However, the impression of intellect and prudence is profound, and may be useful."

It is not now necessary, in reviewing even one aspect of a talent that was many-sided, to dwell at tedious length on the glaring defects of style disfiguring Miss Edgeworth's best work. The juxtaposition of an easy elegance, a sparkling wit, with heavy and turgid passages very much more ridiculous than sublime, is disagreeably obvious. We are never permitted to forget that the exemplary Maria had an all-pervading father. Indeed, for some mysterious reason, the women writers have been, as a class, curiously unlucky in this respect. Dr. Burney, we know, ordered his brilliant Fanny into bondage with the "sweet Queen," and inspired some of the worst verses ever written. Miss Mitford—good soul—spent her life in paying the debts of the outrageous parent who fluttered so gaily about London even after he had spent the twenty thousand pounds she won in a lottery. Mr. Barrett did his utmost to deprive his daughter of Robert Browning—and, by consequence, the world of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. As to the Reverend Patrick Brontë, he accepted the complete self-sacrifice of a genius with that "more than mortal calm" previously characteristic only of the classic fowl of Sir Walter Scott's favorite Marjorie Fleming.

Mr. Edgeworth, "tireless and endless," did worse than these. He deliberately set his ponderous mark upon the bright stories distinguished for a

grace and spontaneity all too easily spoilt by clumsy handling. Such dreadful phrases as "to commence senator," instead of "to go into Parliament" are not to be found in *Helen*, written after his death.

Byron has left it on record that when the Edgeworths came to London in 1813 they "succeeded for two months, till the landing of Madame de Staël." A petition was being extensively circulated just then to induce Mrs. Siddons to return to the stage. "Whereupon Thomas Moore of profane and poetical memory did propose that a similar paper should be subscribed and circumscribed for the return of Mr. Edgeworth to Ireland. The fact was"—and Byron becomes kindly—"everybody cared more about *her*. She was a nice-looking little unassuming Jeanie Deans-looking body, as we Scotch say, and, if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking. Her conversation was as quiet as herself. One would never have guessed she could write her name, whereas her father talked not as if he could write nothing else, but as if nothing else was worth writing."

This witty opinion of the much-married Mr. Edgeworth was surely universal until Mr. Gillray, in the latest issue of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, chose, by some perverse turn of thought, to be original with the amazing statement that "In most of her literary undertakings Miss Edgeworth had the advantage of her father's criticism, who also wrote introductions to her novels." Does he fail to see the preposterous egotism of these superfluous prefaces; or can he merely be speaking ironically when he describes them as "advantages"?

Mr. Edgeworth did not adopt the tactics of Beaumont and Fletcher when they concluded a rhymed appeal to the public with the trenchant line: "If this book fall, 'tis time to quit the trade." His object was to assure this same pub-

lic how careful he had been to teach his daughter to do what he certainly could not do himself. "It is my business to cut and correct, yours to write on," was his mistaken creed. The pathetic part of it was that his excellent child believed in him, though there are passages at any rate in *Harrington* far more suggestive of addition than subtraction.

It is possible that, had Miss Edgeworth resented her father's cruelty to the wronged mother whose dying kiss she could just recall, she might have been a great writer. As it was, she elected to be a happy woman instead, made her home delightful, loved all her stepmothers in succession, and let him spoil her work by fussy interference.

Apart from her inimitable pictures of Irish life and character, she has undoubtedly left us a gallery crowded with interesting portraits, especially of ladies. For, whether she was born in 1767 at Black Bourton, in Oxfordshire, according to a consensus of authorities headed by the *Dictionary of National Biography*, or at Hare Hatch, in Berkshire, according to the always divergent Mr. Gillray, it is equally certain that she was only Irish by extraction and by fervent adoption.

As a cheerful, observant young girl she paid many visits to country houses, such as Castle Forbes, the seat of Lady Granard, and at Lord Longford's, where she founded a life-long friendship with "lovely Kitty Pakenham," whose sorrowful and glorious destiny it was to become Duchess of Wellington. "O Miss Edgeworth, you are the truest of the true, the kindest of the kind," were the pathetic words spoken upon that death-bed before which hung the golden shield blazoned with the names of a hundred victories.

Even the "grand exclusive paradise of Almack's" was open to her through influential connections, and at a time

when the Duchess of Rutland, having "offended a patroness," was "kept out, to her amazing mortification." Well-born and well-bred, she was thoroughly accustomed to good society when it was still exclusive, long before her novels won her the friendship of the most famous men and women of a remarkable period. She was familiar also with the elegant Paris of Récamier and of Chateaubriand, and was a welcome guest in salons where conversation was a fine art, and where in January ladies paid their calls in low-cut cambric gowns, protected only by "fur tip-pets and fur clogs." That she spoke French admirably her books bear perhaps over-eloquent witness.

In a letter to a friend, which has never been printed, Miss Edgeworth expresses, with obsolete modesty, a hearty dislike to the publication of private correspondence. We can but be glad that her wishes have been disregarded, for pleasantly accessible in Mr. Hare's pleasant biography are to be found numerous testimonies that competent judges considered she thoroughly understood the Society of which she wrote.

No one seemed to have attempted to find fault with her *Tales of Fashionable Life* upon the score of an ignorance that has made Charlotte Brontë the target for petty criticism from those unable to perceive the qualities of her defects, although jealously eager to prove the defects of her qualities. A living writer, whose humor is not her strong point, has made rather heavy pleasantries afresh over Mr. Rochester's "vases of purple spar," and Miss Blanche Ingram's morning frock "of sky-blue crape, with an azure scarf twisted in her hair." She cannot whet her wit at the expense of Miss Edgeworth, who wrote quite naturally of lords because, knowing them, she found them very much like other people.

"Belinda" has reached her centenary;

yet, except that our "Dodo's" and other "Details of the Day" look out with fatiguing monotony from a haze of cigarette smoke, they bear an astonishing family resemblance to certain of the Edgeworth ladies. We can find just the same lack of manners and morals, just the same eternal quest for much the same round of amusements. The touch of exaggeration, even of caricature, may be common to both; yet the most despairing pessimist will be compelled to admit that the "new" woman is not, after all, worse than the "old" one.

Many associate Miss Edgeworth chiefly with Harrys and Lucys and other "Parents' Assistants," though in justice to her it should be stated that this deplorably priggish title was her publisher's, and not her own. These will be surprised to find her grappling boldly with "guilt and misery," and the other "odious subjects" Miss Austen confessedly "quitted" as soon as possible. She treads delicate ground with discreet confidence, and, if over-inclined to force down the obvious moral rather than merely to point it, she does adorn her tale with lively information as to the doings of those pretty persons who called themselves Society when the "great shadow" loomed large athwart Europe, and when the sickly sentimentalities of Kotzebue and his pernicious school led to a "nice derangement" of ideals and standards of right and wrong.

She satirized the silly young lady quite as mercilessly as Miss Burney had done in Miss Larolles, the most amusing person in *Cecilia* and her heroes did not deal with love at all like D'Arcys or even Frank Churchills. Passion was all the fashion, and to some extent she followed it. She says in *Virian* that it was the custom of the times "for the gentlemen to pay exclusive attention to matrons." "Few of the young men seemed to think it

worth while to speak to an unmarried woman," so that the position of sweet seventeen was very much that of the singer of one of Mr. Kipling's earliest *Departmental Ditties*. The Irish Dora in *Ormonde*, when she becomes Madame de Connal, is ready to adapt herself with easy grace to the easy morality of a Paris playing with the new divorce laws as we once occupied an idle hour with "Ping-Pong." Madame de Staël had brought the *Femme Incomprise* into triumphant popularity, and Miss Edgeworth's Olivia, perfidious friend to Leonora, is the direct and rather tiresome result of *Delphine*.

Extravagance is rife in all the Edgeworth novels. Everybody is in debt to tradespeople of extraordinary complaisance. The smart women borrow of their lovers with an effrontery hardly surpassed by that horrible person of quality, "Mouse" Lady Kenilworth, of Ouida's *Massarenes*. Dr. Johnson's advice to Mrs. Thrall to "be brisk, be public, be splendid" is the watchword of this gambling, duelling, and withal sentimental Society, expressing quite modern ideas in language that, if a little *rococo*, has its own characteristic slang, and never includes mistakes in elementary French grammar.

But that, in Miss Edgeworth's own words, "there is nothing so tiresome as a picture in prose," it would be possible to make a lengthy sequence of close parallels, instead of two or three hasty comparisons, between her fashionable ladies and those who look out for a moment from the pages of the book of the week, for which we scarcely dare now to promise a longer lease of recollection. Society fiction encompasses us in "one weak, washy, everlasting flood," and, unless treated by the hand of a master craftsman, falls from its very sameness.

In *Castle Rackrent* and *The Absentee* Miss Edgeworth reached her apogee. That they are both short is the more

surprising at a time when the recently revived demand for long novels was equally urgent. Happily, she did not count her thousands for the typewriter. Like the unique Miss Ferrier, who refused two thousand pounds for a successor to *Destiny*, *Inheritance*, and *Marriage*, because she "had nothing more to say," Miss Edgeworth worked as inspiration dictated in this important respect.

That she could write a long novel her first attempt, *Belinda*, proved beyond doubt. It is a vivid and, in parts, a sparkling study of what Monsieur Ohnet still, and Monsieur Bourget once, loved to call "high-life." *Belinda* shares the common fate of heroines of being prone to dullness, but she has an aunt worthy to have associated with Aunt Norris herself. We only know Mrs. Stanley by her letters and her reputation: "There's no less than six of her nieces whom she has got off in four winters." Space does not admit of quoting all the means she employed for this dazzling triumph, yet two are irresistible: "Then there's the musical girl. Joddrell, who has no more ear than a post, went and married her because he had a mind to set up as a connoisseur in music, and Mrs. Stanhope flattered him he was one." "As to Jenny Mason, the fifth of the nieces, she was as brown as mahogany, and had neither eyes, nose, mouth, nor legs. What Mrs. Stanhope could do with her I often wondered, but she took courage, rouged her up, set her going as a dasher, and she dashed herself into Tom Levit's curricie, and Tom couldn't get her out again until she was the Honorable Mrs. Levit."

"Dashers" had come into fashion with Mrs. Harriot Freke, a lady who must have been an ancestress of Mr. Benson's "Kitten" in *Mammon*. Lady Delacour—we see her in that lovely "birthday" gown garlanded with gold laburnums, for which she owed Mrs.

Franks fifty guineas, extended over the hoop in full state—actually found her social sovereignty jeopardized by the quondam friend who might have seemed not only utterly unfit to shine, but unlikely to be even tolerated.

The "sprightly elegance" of Lady Delacour, beautiful and amusing, paled before Mrs. Freke's audacity. "She was just then coming into fashion. She struck me the first time I met her as being downright ugly; but there was a wild oddity in her countenance which made one stare at her, and she was delighted to be stared at. Harriot Freke had, without comparison, more assurance than any man or woman I ever saw. She was downright brass, but of the finest kind, Corinthian brass. She was one of the first who brought in harum-scarum manners." Had she an actual original? That interesting question is insoluble, despite Miss Edgeworth's assurances that she never sketched from nature.

Mrs. Freke led Lady Delacour into her mad escapades, even inducing her to challenge a certain "odious Mrs. Luttridge" to fight a duel. That duel is intensely funny. Mrs. Luttridge backed out on the very feminine pretext of a whitlow on her finger, but not before Lady Delacour had been frightened to death, and Miss Honor O'Grady, Mrs. Luttridge's second, had shown an Irish readiness to fight Mrs. Freke. Unluckily, the barn chosen for the encounter was suddenly surrounded by rustics, who, shocked at the masculine apparel of the combatants, raised a shout of "Shame! shame! Duck 'em!" They were rescued in a novel manner by "a young gentleman in splendid regimentals, driving a flock of pigs with a long pole." He was speedily followed by a French officer, a prisoner on parole, with a bevy of turkeys, the two being engaged in deciding a wager of one hundred pounds, a surely exciting version of the mid

"animal race" once amusingly described in *Punch* by Mr. Anstey.

On another occasion Mrs. Freke "swore she'd hear Sheridan's speech," and made a bet of fifty pounds on the event. Dressed as a smart youth, she won it, after being "almost squeezed to death for four hours in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons." "Mad with spirits, noisy, and unmanageable," she then compelled Lady Delacour and her admirer, Colonel Lawless, to visit a certain "prophetess" at midnight. "The celebrated Mrs. W., the modern dealer in art magic," lived "at the end of Sloane Street, quite out of the town"—the little London of 1801. She proved to be "a pompous figure enveloped in fur," and Miss Edgeworth is very satirical over "the mummary of the scene."

"Mrs. W."—"Valma," of *The Gay Lord Quer*. A century lies between them, containing a period ridiculed now as "early Victorian," when all this precious nonsense was out of favor. The long array of advertisements disfiguring the columns of even the serious newspapers of to-day show nothing but trivial new variants of the old feeble impositions. Yet to visit "Mrs. W." was evidently considered risky and compromising, whereas to consult the latest Bond Street oracle is merely to be "smart."

Lady Delacour is modern also in the fact that, believing herself to be suffering from an incurable disease, she talks a great deal about it. Readers are only just spared the horrible scene of an operation without anaesthetics; and Miss Edgeworth's introduction of medical detail created a precedent that has given us many painful and more disgusting pages. She is not equally modern in "dreading the idea of divorce, public brand of a shameful life." Our heroines now view this matter in another light, and such a reliable authority as Mr. Percy White, in *the Grip*

of the Bookmaker, found a blameless hero quite ready to forgive a charming girl who had married for money and paid the full price for her blunder.

The cleverest thing in *Belinda* is certainly not Lady Delacour's conversion through the influence of that virtuous young heiress. It is the fate of Mrs. Freke, who, masquerading as the ghost of Colonel Lawless, who had been killed in a duel, is caught in a spring-trap, set by the gardener for fruit stealers, with the result that "the beauty of her legs being spoiled, she would never more be able to appear to advantage in man's apparel." She is left lying ill at Rantipole, her country house, too indisposed, it may be presumed, to drive the dashing "unicorn" that was her favorite carriage, or to reiterate her famous motto, "Fun and Freke for ever."

Leonora ought not to prove troublesome reading to a generation moved to a momentary enthusiasm over *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*, though the true Edgeworthian may with justice give it the lowest place among her books. Yet it has especially salient points of interest, in spite of the fact that it is throughout in the tedious epistolary form which made even Jane Austen dull when she tried and wisely abandoned it in the unfinished *Lady Susan*. It was written in 1803, and, though not published until three years later, written for the romantic reason that Miss Edgeworth "wished to please" the solitary lover who ever offered her hand and heart. She tells us little in her letters about Monsieur Edelcrantz, the Swedish *attaché* who proposed to her in Paris when she was thirty-six, though she does confide the wonderful event to her favorite aunt. The passion of Count Fersen for Maria Antoinette probably invested Swedish gentlemen with a sort of halo, at a time when her story was still so fresh; but there is no scrap of evidence to

prove that Edelcrantz ever read *Leonora*, or was touched by its sometimes rather mawkish sentiment.

Presumably to give it an air of reality, the irritating French expedient of avoiding all surnames is adopted. The husband who behaves so very badly is always "Mr. L.," his masculine confident—a rare bird this—is always "General B." "The Lady Leonora L." annoys us at starting, because she is such a simpleton as to be taken in by so transparent a fraud as "the Lady Olivia—" This same naughty Olivia is much more interesting, and bears no small resemblance to Helen Comtesse de Vallorbes, though her exquisite sensibilities would certainly have been horrified at the way the latter conducted her affair with "Sir Richard Calmady." Olivia is the true contemporary of Delphine, and she has had a thousand descendants. Like them all, and like the fair Helen of the "honey-colored hair," she speaks French in perfection, and she is nothing if not frank.

She writes thus to her deluded friend: "I married early, in the fond expectation of meeting a heart suited to my own. Cruelly disappointed, I found merely a husband. My heart recoiled upon itself; true to my own principles of virtue, I scorned dissimulation. I candidly confessed to my husband that my love was extinguished. The attractive moment of illusion was past, never more to return; the repulsive reality remained. The living was chained to the dead, and, by the inexorable tyranny of English law, that chain, eternally galling to innocence, can be severed only by the desperation of vice. Divorce, according to our barbarous institutions, cannot be obtained without guilt."

So she "seeks balm" in foreign climes, and meets inevitably that best-known character in fiction, the "man with a soul congenial." Finally she

drifts to England and Leonora, by slow degrees effecting the conquest of "Mr. L.," who, in his turn, gets fussy on the divorce question, and writes to "General B." for a copy of the "reflections of Cambacères upon the new law." "Do you envy France the blessing?" asks the General, adding the discreet warning that even in Paris "*Les divorcées* are not received into good society."

"Mr. L." is a terribly cold-blooded lover. He "flees" to Richmond with Olivia, but soon comes back, and all ends as it should. Not, however, before Olivia has written sheets as to her "fatal passion," with the utmost enjoyment of its various stages. Their recipient, "Gabrielle Madame de P.," is deserving of better things. Her letters teem with witty sayings, and all kinds of those scraps of information that date them picturesquely. She has a mean opinion of England as a country where the after-dinner coffee is "spoilt" with cream, and where women persist in loving their husbands. In both respects she would probably consider we have improved since her time.

She takes her own love affairs very lightly, and quotes "our good La Fontaine" on inconstancy: "Quand on le sait c'est peu de chose; quand on ne le sait pas c'est rien," practising as she preaches. She chronicles the advent of the Venus of Medici, brought to Paris by Napoleon to be judged as on Mount Ida of yore, with the characteristic comment: "She is divine, but not French," making us recall with a start that the goddess really left her home in Florence, a prisoner of war, and lingered a little while in the Louvre in lovely protestation against her exile.

Olivia reminds us of an especially ugly fashion in jewelry when she sends back the "treacherous eye she has worn so long," after quarrelling with Gabrielle, but the reader is merely grateful for its quickness of observation. "Madame de P." is always cheer-



ful, even when her friends are dying of consumption brought on by "tea and late hours," or when she is deploring the bad taste of those who crown themselves with roses when they should know that every modish person is "dévoté" or "bel esprit" at forty. Helen de Vallorbes might have acted like Olivia, and we incline to fancy she would have written as did the pretty inventor of the new sandal for the smallest foot in Paris—her own. She would not, however, have used the "Grand Cyrus"—suggesting pet-names for her intimates, such as "Brave et Tendre," "Vermelle," "Mon Cœur," and "Brillante," the latter "*inconsolable*" because, being in deep mourning for her brother, she cannot wear the fine pearls given as "*hommage*" by "her lover the commissary."

*Vivian* is another neglected *Tale of Fashionable Life* which has points of interest to the maker of comparisons. That it was translated into Swedish after its highly successful publication in 1812, probably gratified the sober little lady, who, if she never experienced quite the love of which she had written so much, was at least affected to a loss of "health and spirits" by her hasty rejection of the gallant Edelcrantz.

*Vivian* is hampered by too much moral, with the usual intervals when Miss Edgeworth is more at her ease. The hero is killed in a duel fought for a flimsy reason, and his death is stogy and unconvincing. Not so his discussion with his mother on Platonic attachments. The plain-spoken Lady Mary describes "Platonics" as "the mere watchword of knaves or dupes, of those who deceive or of those who wish to be deceived. How they end all the world knows." *Vivian*, however, like a sprig of fashion, according to "John Oliver Hobbes," has "found a woman concerning whose character half the world is wholly mistaken." "Es ist eine alte Geschichte, doch bleibt sie

immer neu." This pretty discovery leads to an elopement and constellated paragraphs in the newspapers. The quaint part of it all is that *Vivian* does not want to run away with Mrs. Wharton, only, having, like several other Edgeworth characters, put the wrong letter into an envelope, he feels compelled to "flee" after the tepid manner of that deplorable stick, "Mr. L."

Miss Edgeworth seems inexplicably anxious to make readers feel sorry for them both, though the conduct of such a pair of fools engenders quite other sentiments. *Vivian* is soon back and soon whitewashed. Even strict countesses agree in blaming the lady—a precedent followed ever since. He next falls in love with a romantic Lady Jhila of sixteen. Quite "new" is this young person, who proposes in ardent terms to her brother's tutor, only to be rejected, if less modern in her subsequent resolution to withdraw from "the World." Her affection for Mr. Russell has the valuable effect of deciding her against succeeding her governess (!) in some amateur theatricals on a much grander scale than those in "Mansfield Park" as the heroine of that farrago of dreary immortality, Nicholas Rowe's preposterous "*Fair Penitent*."

It would seem doubtful whether Miss Edgeworth had ever examined this dismal tragedy, with its fulsome dedication to the Duchess of Ormond, were it not that she makes other characters threaten to perform *Love-in-a-Village*, and succeed in giving Aaron Hill's adaptation of Voltaire's *Zaire*. That all three are incongruously contained in the same volume of *The British Theatre* looks like familiarity with its contents.

The stage directions for the fifth act of *The Fair Penitent* would settle the question of suitability for the majority. "A room hung with black; on one side Lothario's body on a bier; on the other a table, with a skull and other bones, a book and a lamp upon it. Calista is

discovered on a couch in black, her hair loose and disordered." Miss Edgeworth's undoubted humor should have checked her imagination here. Granted even that a "Calista" of the "Corinthian brass" type could have been found with memory for all those pages of blank, blank verse, can we believe that an audience really sat out five acts of it given by a band of stumbling amateurs? Lady Julia is far more wholesomely occupied when she makes an effective first appearance merrily rolling a hoop to amuse a child. The change is too abrupt from the rosy hoyden of fifteen to the love-sick adorer of Mr. Russell; yet both she and her intolerable sister, Lady Sarah, have vitality and carry conviction.

Space does not permit more than a glance at *Harrington*, with the introduction of the Jew and his religion to the notice of other novelists, who have not failed to profit by the suggestion. The likeness between the aristocratic mother of the hero and the mother of Pelham is, however, so remarkable that Lord Lytton might reasonably fall under the imputation of plagiarism were it not for this eternal similarity between fashionable folk.

To *Ennui*, first and perhaps best of the *Tales*, belongs the charming distinction of containing a thoroughly delightful girl. "Handsome and witty, yet a friend," it is not easy to find a parallel for Lady Geraldine among the daughters of to-day, and it is impossible to surpass her. She is admirable when refusing the feeble Earl of Glenthorn—and in making a man of him by her rejection. With her Irish fondness for practical joking, with her quick tongue, she has a heart of gold. She can say, "Let us dare to be ourselves," and she can act up to the advice given to the idle bevy of ladies who, "with pretty accommodating voices call an intrigue an arrangement, and a crim. con. 'an affair in Doctors' Commons' or 'that

business in the Lords.' " "Marcella" would not have been more withering in her scorn of shams, but she would not have been half as gay and fascinating. Even her affection for Devereux does not make her sentimental. When the unacknowledged lovers were together, "they went on, repartee after repartee, as if inspired by each other's spirits." "You two," said a little girl of six years old who was playing in the window, "go on singing to one another like two nightingales." Perhaps "lovely Kitty Pakenham," in the happy days of her youth, may have unconsciously sat to Miss Edgeworth for Lady Geraldine. She is the type of the true lady of distinction, as she always has and always will exist, though she is becoming scarce in a fiction more and more given to vulgarity.

*Patronage* cannot be passed over, for better reasons than merely because it is by far the longest of the Edgeworth novels. It unluckily "bears the paternal imprimatur" far beyond its brief, intolerable preface. The worthy Percys are too exemplary, and their fortunes vacillate almost as rapidly as those bewildering affairs of the *Primroses*. Count Altenberg might have come out of *Corinne* had it been written, and the letters of Alfred and Erasmus are tough morsels for a generation better versed in those of *Elizabeth*.

The Miss Falconers and a pair of young men of fashion, "French and English Clay," are first-rate. Georgiana Falconer is great as an actress, and is determined that when Lusignan exclaims, "Shine out, appear, be found, my lovely Zara," she will not do so in a train of cotton velvet. "Soft, sentimental blue satin looped with pearl" is essential, and the lady's maid is loud against making do with an old Court gown, with the addition of "a Turkish air," perhaps because she saw the difficulty of arranging such a mystery.

Zara sells her cast-off finery to this Lydia, and enumerates a list of dresses that would not be despised at the present extravagant time, when such undignified negotiations are equally common. From Mrs. Falconer we learn that the ways of smart ladies with professional musicians have undergone no change. It is only uncertain whether the system of giving concerts in private houses and "sharing" the profits with the performers is quite as candidly adopted.

It is safe to say that, could Miss  
The Fortnightly Review.

Edgeworth return to observe the manners and customs of the new century, her first expression would be one of amazement that, although Society drives a motor-car instead of a "unicorn," it goes over much the same ground. It is interesting to speculate whether, after an excursion into a circulating library, she would reiterate her own words in *Leonora*: "In these days a heroine need not be a moralist, but she must be a metaphysician, she must wander in a not inelegant labyrinth."

Roland Grey.

## THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

Mr. Lauriston had misgivings. Reason told him that the business on which he was engaged was to all intents and purposes military in character, but conscience refused to admit this definition of it, arguing that it was police-work pure and simple. It is all very well, said conscience, to crouch in a ditch looking for an enemy, because you know that the enemy is crouching in another ditch looking for you, or at any rate that, if he is not, he ought to be. Moreover in true military operations, when from the security of your ditch you have observed the head of the foe incautiously upraised from another ditch your duty is clear and simple; you at once retire on your main body with the valuable information you have acquired. Meanwhile your enemy has probably seen you getting out of your ditch, whereupon he gets out of his ditch and retires on his main body to report his valuable information; and so all is peace, for no good scout will sacrifice useful intelligence to the vainglorious desire for an affair of outposts of which he may possibly not get the better.

Had Mr. Lauriston's instructions been

merely to watch and, if he saw a person clad in a blue suit, brown boots, and a Panama hat, to retire on Charles and report the circumstance, conscience would have admitted that the affair wore a military complexion and was not derogatory to an ex-volunteer. But such had not been his orders. "If," Charles had said, "you see him, knock him down and sit on his head, or else bring him along to me at the houseboat."

Mr. Lauriston had been about to object that he feared he was not now able to knock people down with the facility of his youth; but Charles, who had been on guard all the morning without seeing any one and who was now hungry and rather out of temper, departed without waiting for an answer. Moreover he did not intend to return for two hours or more, and Mr. Lauriston had a strong and military sense of duty. He had undertaken to mount guard until Charles returned, and that he would gladly do; but as to knocking down or capturing the enemy, he was not sure that it was part of his duty. He preferred to think that it was one of those cases in which a volunteer, or

ex-volunteer, may use his intelligence and advance or retire (taking advantage of every bit of cover) at his discretion. Besides, he was an ex-volunteer, not an ex-policeman, and he naturally took the military view of the situation so far as he could. It was not possible to do so with a whole heart for there was no disguising the fact that the enemy was at a disadvantage; he did not even know that he was an enemy. How then should he be crouching in a ditch looking out for Mr. Lauriston? There was a one-sidedness about it that was not at all satisfactory, and it was almost to be regretted that he had lent himself to the scheme. However, since it was so he would do his duty, but he would not be rash.

This determined, he lighted another cigar and settled himself more comfortably in the ditch. His post lay at some distance from the mill between the osier-bed and the hedge that separated it from the lane. Charles had chosen it in the morning because it commanded a view of both approaches to the mill-door, and had made a seat in the ditch with a board and some bricks, from which he was able to look through a hole at the bottom of the hedge, probably caused by some dog that was accustomed to pass that way. Mr. Lauriston had not much trouble therefore in keeping a sharp look-out, though were any one to come past it would be necessary to withdraw the head which, oddly placed amid the foliage, might attract attention.

It was some time before anything happened, but when he was about half-way through his cigar he caught sight of a female figure coming past the mill. It was Agatha with her basket. Mr. Lauriston withdrew, hoping that she would not notice the hole in the hedge and feel an overpowering impulse to mend it. She would wonder what her uncle was doing there, he felt. How-

ever, Agatha passed by safely and went on up the hill. She had not been gone long when he heard another person coming along the path through the osier-bed. The path was soft, but there was a rustling of the osiers which served instead of audible footsteps. This person got over the stile and also went up the path towards the village. Mr. Lauriston peeping out cautiously after he had passed recognized Majendie, and noticed that he was adjusting his eye-glasses.

A little later still a third person appeared on the path by the mill, a person with a parasol and two red cushions. "She isn't going to fish then, after all," said Mr. Lauriston to himself, looking in vain for the rod of which Cicely had spoken with affection at luncheon. Cicely walked slowly past the mill, turned the corner to the right, and disappeared, behind the bushes that grew round the mill-pool. Her uncle smiled after her, and reflected that he would be able to use the absence of a fishing-rod as a conversational weapon if she tried to tease him that evening. But his meditations were interrupted by more rustling of osiers, which indicated that another person was approaching in haste. Very soon the person was in the road, and Mr. Lauriston saw him take a hurried look up and down, and then disappear into the mill.

Mr. Lauriston felt excited. The enemy was probably now before him. If a man attired in a blue suit, brown boots, and Panama hat were to come out of the mill there would be no question of it. He watched the door expectantly, and before very long he was rewarded by seeing just such a person emerging. The man again looked both up and down, and then vanished round the corner of the mill in the direction taken by Cicely.

Mr. Lauriston sat up on his board to think. It was too late to knock the

man down now, which was perhaps as well, in view of his military conception of duty, to say nothing of the loss of his youthful facility. It was still, however, open to him to pursue the person and, if occasion offered, to capture him; he was of opinion that occasion would not offer, but he determined to advance, and making his way cautiously through the osiers he gained the road and thence crept from bush to bush in the approved military fashion, reconnoitring every yard of country before he traversed it, and carefully avoiding dry sticks or leaves that might crackle and declare his presence.

All this took a considerable time, for Mr. Lauriston believed in thoroughness, and he would not leave one bush until he had satisfied himself that the enemy was not in the immediate vicinity of the next. At last, however, he came to a point where there were no more bushes and where, if he continued to advance, he must do so across the open. There was a clump of willows down by the river some distance to his right, but elsewhere the landscape was bare, and there was no sign of the enemy. Mr. Lauriston felt the ground behind his bush, found it dry enough, and sat down to consider his next move.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

"I think the curate went straight back to his aunt and uncle," said Cicely, shaking her head disapprovingly.

Talbot was still nefariously resplendent, and resolutely conscious of it. "The curate didn't go directly," he asserted; "he wasn't really annoyed, you know."

Cicely shook her head again. He seemed even more than usually determined, and had possessed himself of her favorite cushion and was putting it against her particular tree. Although she had arrived first, something, per-

haps this very fact, had induced her to stroll a little way down the bank, to find Talbot waiting for her on her return. She reflected that she had walked quite far enough for the present, but he was not to be pardoned yet. "Girls aren't supposed to be vain," she observed generally, continuing her parable.

"That isn't it at all, you know," said Talbot, "and the curate knew that."

"But when he had said what she ought to do and she didn't do it, he wasn't at all pleased," Cicely continued judiciously. "It wasn't at all proper of her, was it?"

"It was all to show what she thought was due to the curate, and besides you never told the—"

"The curate's aunt went again to look for the portmanteau," Cicely digressed suddenly. "I believe they're looking for it now," she ended with a little merry laugh and a mischievous glance at him. But though his lips smiled his eyes never changed; they were fixed steadily on hers. Cicely looked away with an effort. "The big girl should," she began.

"I knew I should," Talbot conceded, "but there's one thing I must know first."

"No," protested Cicely, "I've told you all I can, and I ought to be very angry with you," she concluded rather weakly, with a consciousness that she was not to-day mistress of the situation.

"I must know the end of the story," he said resolutely.

"Oh! not this afternoon." Cicely looked up, appealing.

"There are not many more afternoons," he replied slowly.

Cicely was silent. She turned half away and looked at the river, where a fish had just risen. The little circling ripple widened, but she did not call his attention to it. The end was coming.

"Did the—did the curate," began Tal-

bot hesitatingly. Cicely's left hand hung by her side near him, and her face was almost wholly averted. The little soft fingers unclosed helplessly. Talbot took her hand caressingly. "You know I have always loved you," he said. Her hand trembled; she did not speak. "Say that you love me, Cicely. You must, you shall. Don't turn away from me, unless that is to be the end. I will love you all my life, if you will. Look at me, Cicely, and tell me your answer. You must."

Cicely was still silent, but she did turn a very little, just to look at him once, for she did not want to answer just yet. She wanted to think, she said to herself, and he wasn't giving her any time. One peep though—

It was a longer peep than she had intended. Talbot was very close to her, his features set and grave. But, as she raised her face, the soft mouth puckered in pretty perplexity, half yielding, half elusive. He smiled triumphantly. "You do love me a little," he said stooping lower, "and we are going to love each other always."

It was not at all what she had meant to happen, as she remembered later; but then he had kissed her before she had any time to say anything, and without even asking if he might,—which was perhaps just as well, as if he had asked she would of course not have allowed it, and he wouldn't have done it, and that would have been a pity. So at least she thought afterwards; but at that moment she only felt that somebody had taken her quite away from herself and that she was very happy.

"You've spoilt my hat, I'm sure you have," was Cicely's first remark after the interlude. She slipped away from him blushing, and re-settling herself put up both hands to minister to the imaginary damages, reconnoitring Talbot from under the brim with softly mischievous eyes.

The correct angler descended to earth with a half-sigh. However he resumed triumphantly his previous theme. "You do love me a little then, don't you?"

Cicely smiled. "Well, perhaps," she conceded.

"I did from the very first," averred Talbot.

"From the very first?" she echoed. Talbot repeated his statement with conviction. "Are you quite, quite sure?" she pursued.

Talbot was positive, and expressed himself at some length. "Yes, when I first saw you sitting just where you are now. So I began at once."

"Oh, but you didn't see me at all," said she. "You thought of nothing but the fish. You didn't even look at me till you'd caught it."

"That was very foolish," agreed Talbot.

"You don't mean that, you know," said Cicely. "Fish are so very important."

"But I do," he insisted. "I might have known you quite a minute longer if it hadn't taken so long to catch. And I can never get that minute back now, can I?"

"If you hadn't caught it, we would never have known each other at all, poor fish!" sighed Cicely.

"There's still the minute, though." Talbot had not yet forgiven the introductory perch. "We shall always have that to make up. It will take many many years, won't it? And to think that there were all the years before it, and I never knew you till then!" He was aghast at the improvidence of time.

"But you caught fish and never thought about me," she said.

"I never thought there could be you, you see. If I had known, I shouldn't have thought about anything else. There's only one you," he added.

Cicely smiled approvingly. "I used to think about you though," she ad-



mitted. "Only you weren't at all like you."

"What was I like?" Talbot was amused.

"You didn't behave like the big girl and hide portmanteaux," said Cicely. "You used to rescue people."

"Not from mad cows," he suggested.

"You were a really noble man." Cicely abandoned fancy's ideal and returned to reality. "But I think you,—you, I mean—are just as nice, only you ought to give them back, oughtn't you?"

"Well, perhaps I ought," he confessed. "Shall I be nicer than than the one you used to think about?"

"You are the same, really," decided Cicely; "but I never thought you would be down here."

"I suppose I used to think about you too sometimes," confessed Talbot after a little meditation, "only nobody ever knew."

"When the fish didn't bite?" she enquired.

"No, you didn't fish," he said in a tone which indicated his opinion of those who did.

"Well, do I?" she defended herself.

"You do just exactly what you ought to do," he agreed, "and I shan't be able to do without you. You'll have to come with me always when we're married."

They considered this prospect in silence for a while and then Cicely suddenly realized the situation. "Oh, whatever have I done?" she exclaimed tragically.

"Nothing very dreadful," suggested Talbot not yet enlightened.

"But it *is* dreadful, it's perfectly horrid; what can you think of me?"

"That you are quite the most charming little person in the universe," he smiled at her. "Now, what is it?"

"You, you don't know me!" she said, still tragic.

"Well, I shall live to learn, and I want nothing better," said Talbot.

"But we've not been—oh, don't you understand?"

"You mean, I haven't the privilege of Mrs. Lauriston's acquaintance?" said Talbot still smiling.

"How can you laugh?" she said plaintively "What have I done?"

"We've met, and we're going to be married," stated Talbot firmly. "That's not so very dreadful, is it?" he insinuated.

"But what will my aunt say?" asked Cicely with a blush.

"That I don't deserve to have you, I suppose. However, if you don't mind——"

"But I oughtn't ever to have been here at all. How can I tell her?" she appealed.

"It was all my fault, so suppose that I tell her? Is she so very dreadful? I did ask you once, you know," said he.

"Oh, you don't understand at all, and it was all my fault," Cicely sighed.

"Now you're not to say that again," he ordained. "But I see Mrs. Lauriston is a very dreadful person sometimes. However, it's our affair."

"She'll say I must never see you any more," prophesied Cicely with solemnity.

"That won't happen, whatever she says," remarked Talbot. "Well, then, suppose we make it a little worse?"

"It can't be any worse," mourned the repentant one.

"I mean, suppose we went away now and got married."

"How could you think of such a thing?" Cicely was alarmed.

"There's very little I wouldn't think of, and do too, if it was a case of losing you," said Talbot firmly. "We could tell her afterwards, of course."

"Oh, if you say such things, I oughtn't ever——" began Cicely.

"We neither of us always do quite what we ought, fortunately," he said with a smile.

"That's not kind of you," Cicely objected reproachfully.

"Then we've only done what we ought to have done, dear, and that's quite settled."

"Aunt Charlotte will be so angry though," she said returning to the main point. "Oh, I ought to have told her at the very beginning."

"Then she wouldn't have let you fish perhaps, and where should we have been now?" he demanded. Truth compelled Cicely to say that she feared she would have been in Ealing. "I should have been in Ealing too, then," he declared, "but it would have been different. Don't say you would have had it different, Cicely, for if you do I must regret all the perfect hours of my life. Just you and I; I wouldn't exchange a moment that we have had or alter it. You don't really want it to have been different, do you?"

"No, I couldn't," she admitted; "but I ought, I know I ought."

"What a woman you are," cried Talbot delightedly.

"So ought you," persisted Cicely, smiling again.

"I expect I ought," he agreed cheerfully; "but I suffer from the moral obliquity of the mere man, you see."

"Yes, I ought to have known," she sighed anew; "so it's my fault."

"If so, I'm glad I took Haddon's clothes," stated Talbot. Cicely looked at him for enlightenment. "That was my fault anyhow, and I ought to have known, so we're a pair," he explained.

"Now you're being horrid too," protested Cicely. "It doesn't make it any better, and it wouldn't help with Aunt Charlotte a little bit."

"Then there's nothing for it but—" Talbot was returning to his original short way with relations.

"You know you mustn't say that again; it wouldn't be right." Cicely was decided. "Oh dear, it's a dreadful

tangle. Why did you? Why did you? We could have begun again so nicely, and nobody would ever have known."

"There wasn't much time to begin again," he said. "But you're right; we must not have any concealments."

Cicely agreed regretfully. "Not even a little?" she suggested with a pathetic air.

"No, not even a little," he returned. "I'll go and see your people at once."

"Oh, not Aunt Charlotte," she cried. "You don't know what she'd say. Oh it's—it's—you *mustn't*. She'll forbid me ever to see you. And you wouldn't like that, would you?" she enquired with a delicious mixture of coquetry and alarm.

Talbot's negative was enthusiastic and he would have possessed himself of her hand to point it, and perhaps more; but Cicely held up an admonitory finger. "There mustn't be anything to conceal," she smiled.

"Then I must go to your aunt," he announced. He felt that he could face any number of aunts, whole battalions of aunts, and his heroic aspect diverted her from her panic and lent her a little courage.

"You're not to, you'll have to take my orders, sir," she said with pretty imperiousness. "I'll tell her a little about you, and then, if you behave really properly, she'll let you come sometimes."

"No concealments," commented Talbot, who saw Cicely's idea. "Do you know, I think you,— I mean, that your aunt hasn't a proper sense of her responsibilities."

Cicely looked at him quickly. "I don't think the meaning very complimentary, is it?" she asked.

"And that," he continued, "is why I want to relieve her of them. You ought to have some one to look after you," he insinuated. "As it's been all my fault, I'm glad to say it's going to be myself."

"I can't tell her at once." Cicely disregarded his suggestions.

"But there's your uncle," suggested Talbot.

Curiously enough they had both overlooked Mr. Lauriston, and Cicely's "So there is," had almost a ring of surprise in it, as well as of relief.

Macmillan's Magazine.

"Then I'll find your uncle and tell him," Talbot decided. "I'll go and find him now."

"Now?" Cicely echoed.

"Yes, now," he replied, "this minute."

"But—" she protested feebly.

"You said you did a little, just a little," he returned, taking her hand.

(To be continued.)

## OF PROFESSIONAL FOOLS.

Uniforms are out of fashion. The philosopher has discarded his gown and dresses like a common man; the soldier off parade is eager to be quit of his livery; and we look in vain for the fool in his cap and bells. A man may have no objection to exercise a profession, but to advertise it is to suggest limitations which offend his pride. If he is a painter, that is not to say that he may not be a poet as well, and an actor rebels against being restricted to the boards. A successful financier will resent the imputation that his talents are confined to the manipulation of money, and it is ten to one that a speculator will prefer to be consulted about a work of art than about an investment. To go further still, it is no uncommon spectacle to find the clergyman masquerading, with a fair amount of success, as the layman; while the layman will enact the part of the director of consciences with as much skill as if he had taken his degree in a theological college.

In the case of some professions, however, the obliteration of boundaries has been even more complete; so that, as distinctive avocations and callings, they have ceased altogether to exist, the offices and duties appertaining to them in earlier days having devolved upon any members of the community who may care to exercise the craft. Among such obsolete trades is that of the jester. The long line of professional

fools, dating, with gaps in the succession, from the days of antiquity, has come to an end; and the *fous en titre d'office* have disappeared, their place being occupied by whomsoever may feel himself qualified to fill it.

By an order dated Whitehall, March 11, 1637, it was decreed that Archibald Armstrong, the King's Fool, should have "his coat pulled over his head and be discharged of the King's service and banished the court," the King being present in person at the passing of the sentence, together with the Archbishop—the author of the poor fool's dismissal—and all the other great lords of the Council. The wit of the jester, sulking in disgrace, would seem to have taken on the edge which misfortune sometimes confers, if one may judge by an interview which took place shortly after the scene in the Council Chamber:

I met Archie [says the chronicler of the incident] at the Abbey, all in black . . . I asked him about his (fool's) coat. "Oh," quoth he, "my Lord of Canterbury hath taken it from me, because either he or some of the Scots Bishops may have the use of it themselves. But he hath given me a black coat for it; and now I may speak what I please, so it be not against the prelates, for this coat hath a greater privilege than the other had."

Poor Armstrong was right. The good old days to which belonged the

license justifying the Roman proverb, to the effect that the man who desired to do as he pleased must be born either king or fool, were gone by. In England, at least, it was soon to be effectually proved that for sovereigns they were at an end; nor was it less true that the privilege of free speech, long the special possession of the jester, was passing into the hands of other men. The monopoly of folly, like other monopolies, was on the way to be abolished; and it was to be left open to any aspirant, ecclesiastical or secular, to assume the part of its special representative. Archie himself was one of the latest official jesters at St. James', the post having apparently not been revived at the Restoration; only three years after his disgrace died L'Angeli, the latest occupant of the corresponding position at the French Court; and though members of the profession continued for some time to find a refuge in less exalted places, their day was virtually over.

Yet the craft had been a time-honoured one, and, long before the saying had been hazarded by Erasmus that so constituted is human existence that the more folly a man puts into it the more he lives, the value of laughter had been so well understood by the world at large that its more successful purveyors had been able, one might almost say, to command their own price.

Now and then, it is true, a voice was lifted in protest against these manufacturers of mirth. Seneca, in particular, had deprecated the practice of maintaining a private joker, giving it as his reason that if a man desired to laugh at a fool it was always possible to find matter for merriment by looking within. But the instinct of the mass of mankind was truer than the reasoning of the philosopher; men were too well aware that such home jests are apt to lose their point to rely on them for mirth, nor was it till within the

last two hundred and fifty years that the majority of those who could afford the luxury of a hired jester have been content to dispense with him.

It was in the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries that the fashion was, perhaps, at its height. At that time, according to Garzoni, the lord was never without the fool, the fool never without a lord; while he adds that so necessary was the one to the other, that if the master were compelled to forego temporarily his toy, he straightway fell ill from melancholy.

The statement is corroborated by the evidence supplied by history of the extraordinary affection borne by kings to their jesters—an affection perhaps the result in part of a licensed familiarity permitted to the fool alone. Traces of it are everywhere apparent. Here and there a magnificent tomb such as that erected in the church of St. Maurice de Senlis to the memory of Thévénin de Saint-Ligier, "fool of the King our Lord," testifies to the gratitude of the master towards the man who had made him laugh. Or again the proof of it is to be found in gifts such as the rich *chapelle* of ermine covered with a rose bush, with stem of gold of cypress and leaves of wrought gold, presented by John the Good, the prisoner of Poitiers, to his fool, Jehan Arcemalle. So dear was Caillette, his official jester, to Francis the First that when death had removed him from his post the King paid to his memory the unwelcome compliment of insisting that his son, made after quite another pattern and regarding the calling with abhorrence, should carry on the family tradition by assuming the cap and bells. Of Charles the Fifth of France it is recorded that he maintained at his Court a number of the craft, with whom, his morning devotions concluded, he was accustomed to exchange "*paroles joyeuses et honnestes*" before proceeding to the more serious occupations of

the day. Poor mad Charles the Sixth surrounded himself with jesters, hoping thus to find a means of distraction from his melancholy; and, to come to a prince of the Church, so close and intimate was the tie uniting Pope Leo the Tenth and his favorite buffoon that the latter assisted at his death-bed, and has been asserted—one would hope erroneously—to have been the sole watcher there.

It is needless to multiply instances. The exceptions upon record only serve to accentuate the universality of the fashion. It is stated that by the Emperor Henry the Third no official jester was appointed; Barbarossa, though so far conforming to usage as to fill the office at his Court, is said to have had no liking for the race; and Christian the First of Denmark, on being presented as a gift with a bevy of fools—no uncommon form of courtesy at that day—replied roughly, somewhat on the lines of the argument urged against the profession by Seneca, though with a difference, that he found himself in no need of them, since had he desired a like possession it would only have been necessary to license his own courtiers—those gentlemen being capable, to his certain knowledge, of exhibiting themselves as the greatest fools in Europe.

On the part of the Church some exertions were made to discourage the calling. Ecclesiastics were forbidden to maintain fools; or—a significant prohibition, but shown by the facts of history to be by no means unnecessary—to take upon themselves the performance of the part; and jesters, with actors, were excluded from the benefit of the Sacraments. When, however, the tide is setting strongly enough in a given direction anathemas are powerless to arrest it; and, in spite of all that could be done, the custom became so general that, look closely enough into the society of the Middle Ages, and the familiar figure in its livery of green

and gold is never long absent, often grotesque, sometimes malignant, wise and foolish by turns; jesting at everything in heaven and earth, the "tragic-comic fellow" of Carlylean phrase, the uglier the better, as if Nature herself, pressed into the service, had perpetrated a grim pleasantry in his fashioning, and whose laughter, ringing now false, now true, is everywhere the accompaniment of mediæval life.

In spite of the ubiquity of the class, it is not altogether an easy matter, coming to examine the members of which it was composed, to discover the man under the motley, or to separate the individual from the type. The traditional character belonging to the fool, like that of the clown and the harlequin in the pantomime, supplies the performer with a standard to which he is bound to conform. Romance has also stepped in to darken counsel and fiction has become so interwoven and blended with fact that it is next to impossible to disabuse the mind of prepossessions and to form any true picture, not of the Triboulet of Victor Hugo's sombre tragedy, or of the Chicot of Dumas, but of the men whose names they bear, who played their parts, well or ill, in the real drama of life; and were the creations, not of the imaginative fancy of a later day, but of their own age and atmosphere, called into existence by an actual demand.

Thus the very fascination exercised by the fool over lovers of the picturesque has placed a stumbling block in the way of any true realization of him. It is, however, no wonder that that fascination should have been felt. A man set apart, as a general rule, from his fellows by some hideous deformity of body or infirmity of mind—one to whom in our day humanity might offer its alms, but with averted eyes—yet bound to pass through life, from the cradle to the grave, using every fact and cir-

cumstance of this melancholy world as material for the jokes which were his only *raison d'être* and apology for existing—such a man is, in truth, a living paradox which may fairly arrest the attention. The fool's was a never-ending theatrical performance; he was a comedian who was allowed no respite from his part, a clown never at liberty to quit the boards. How loyally his task was sometimes performed, to the very end, is apparent from a letter attributed to King Charles the Fifth of France, who, writing to the town of Troy, to demand from it a fresh fool in the place of one recently dead, prays on behalf of the latter that "*le Seigneur Dieu veuille avoir en gré l'âme de luy qui oncques ne faillit en sa charge et fonction empres de nostre royale Seigneurie, et mesmement ne vout si trespasser sans faire quelque joyeuseté et gentille farce de son metier.*"<sup>1</sup>

Scarcely less striking is the example of another member of the profession who, assassinated at his own door, replied to his wife's inquiry from within as to the cause of the disturbance, that nothing at all was the matter—they had only slain her husband; and so, with a jest on his lips, passed away. It might well be that the habit of a lifetime became second nature; and that the fool, no less than his audience, forgot that he was anything more than a machine for supplying the necessary amount of laughter; forgetting, too, that he had been a man before he was turned into a buffoon. But the pathos of the situation is not sensibly diminished by the unconsciousness of the chief actor, and it is no doubt that pathos to which he owes his principal interest in the eyes of the students of a later day.

It is, in spite of this interest, only in comparatively recent years that the elements which went to the making of a fool have been scientifically examined.

the two Dr. Moreaus, father and son, having taken a foremost part in the investigation. According to these authorities, the fool proper, as distinguished from either the knave who found it convenient to assume the part, or the mere manufactured article, belonged to an intermediate class, to be confounded neither with men in full possession of their senses nor with genuine madmen. This mixture of reason and insanity, combined with other traits, and sometimes inherited from a long ancestral line of jesters, was the source of the strange and violent contradictions forming a marked feature of the genuine fool, by turns wise and foolish, wicked and upright, brave and cowardly. An idiot, pure and simple, was an incomplete and second-class fool, a fully rational man merely acted the part. In some cases a sort of mental crystallization seems to have taken place at an early age in children gifted with abnormal powers of wit, the development of the intellect having stopped short at the period when they had been infant prodigies. In such instances the childish brain, with its strong instincts, its flashes of keen intelligence, its uncontrolled passions, blind hatreds and exaggerated affections, in the body of the man, supplied the combination, pathetic and bizarre, most effective in the professional fool.

Such a fool—one of Nature's manufacture—could almost command his own price; and, hereditary predisposition being an important factor in the case, the families and localities prolific in these growths were in high repute. That an aptitude for the performance of the part should run in the blood was of course natural enough, considering the importance of a strain of madness; and of a certain jester Bouchet records that "*il étoit d'une famille et d'une race dont tous étoient honnestement fous*"—while he goes on to add a more singular fact, namely,

<sup>1</sup> Opinions are divided as to the authenticity of this document.



that all born in one particular house, though of alien blood, were lunatic; so that the great nobles were accustomed to draw their fools from it, a large revenue accruing to its possessors from the traffic.

Such a hotbed of marketable madness has something ghastly about it; but it must be remembered, on the other hand, that the actual money value of imbecility may have secured for the idiot better treatment than he would otherwise have received, and have tended to console those who had the misfortune of bringing him into the world. Thoni, fool to King Henry the Second of France, owed his advancement to his imbecility alone, having been destined to the priesthood by his mother in order that he might pray for the souls of two elder brothers, both simpletons and dead in the exercise of the fool's profession. A genuine idiot, however, was too valuable an article to be lightly surrendered to the Church; and so soon as it became known that the third son was even more richly endowed in that direction than his brethren, the Court made good its claim to his services. For, "s'il vous plaît," says Brantôme, "voyez l'innocence de cette pauvre mère, car le petit Thoni était plus fou que les deux autres!" Whether or no the mother reconciled herself to the change in her son's destiny does not appear; but "le petit Thoni" enjoyed a great success at Court, being pronounced by the Constable de Montmorency to be "le plus fin fou courtisan qu'il ne vit jamais," a eulogy finding somewhat singular corroboration in the fool's behavior towards himself, Thoni being accustomed to address the Constable with affectionate familiarity as "Papa" so long as the latter continued in favor with his royal master, but discarding that mode of address so soon as Montmorency's star had declined.

While the fool proper was drawn from

the class occupying the borderland between reason and madness, those who exercised the craft as a means of a living were, of course, by no means confined to it. At a time when the genuine article was in so much demand, it was inevitable that spurious imitations should exist, and the ranks of the professional fool were constantly recruited not only from among those in whom grotesque ugliness of feature or physical deformity caused the lack of mental qualifications to be overlooked, but also by other aspirants in whose case the handiwork of Nature had been supplemented and amended by man. The trade was both popular and lucrative, and likely to commend itself to a large number of sharp lads who preferred to gain a livelihood by making sport for nobles and princes to earning their bread by honest labor. When the supply of natural fools ran short, it was not difficult for these inferior and artificial jesters to obtain employment; but to such apprentices a regular training was necessary before they were considered capable of exercising their craft. "Un fou de bonne maison," we are told, "était élevé avec autant de souci, de peines et de frais qu'un âne savant"; the fact of this education, and of the appointment of a *gouverneur* to instruct the young man in his duties, being an indication that the pupil belonged rather to the rank and file than to the spontaneous and original geniuses of his profession.

Between the two extremes of those who became buffoons by mere choice, as a man might take up the trade of a carpenter or of a goldsmith, and the genuine jester designated by Nature for the calling, there were a vast number of intermediaries, defying classification, and ranging from the simple idiot to the brilliant wit, or the clumsy peasant whose very uncouthness and ignorance was a part of his stock-in-trade, to the polished courtier, fool

only in name. It is possible, in reviewing the long line, to mention only a few specimens of a class including almost as many varieties as humanity itself—humanity mocking and mocked at, not realizing that in its ridicule it ridicules itself, yet sad enough, whether as jester or as butt, all the time. There was Brusquet, who began his career as a quack practitioner, and, in danger of hanging for having sent too many of the King's subjects to the grave by his remedies, offered a singular defence. "Ceux-là qui sont morts se plaignent-ils?" he asked. "Et ne sont-ils pas guéris de la fièvre à perpétuité?" There was Triboulet, who in spite of the multitude of *bons-mots* fathered upon him, seems to have been a specimen of the genuine fool, in whom a simplicity verging on idiocy alternated with flashes of shrewd sagacity. There were the Caillettes, father and son, epitomizing in their own persons the contrasts to be found in their calling—the elder being a simple idiot, while of the son it is related that, in shame and indignation at the part he was compelled to play, he would have preferred death to its performance, and whom romance and legend have made the lover of Diane de Poitiers.

Space fails to multiply instances—to tell of the succession of English fools; of Hitard, penitent and devout, who, proceeding to Rome to expiate a life of folly, laid upon the altar his magnificent deed of gift conveying Walworth to Canterbury Cathedral; of Patch, Wolsey's domestic jester, who, presented by the Cardinal to Henry the Eighth, had to be detached by force from his former master; of Heywood, whose task it was to drive away the melancholy of Mary Tudor, and who comforted her, when near to death, with music; of Tarleton, who told Elizabeth more of her faults than her chaplains, and enjoyed so much celebrity that "the year of Tarleton's death"

was as common a phrase as "the year of the Armada."

Of other fools, too, it is not possible to make more than passing mention; fools such as the unhappy Prince Galitzin, degraded by Peter the Great to the office of jester in consequence of a change of religion; or other Russian nobles placed on the register as a chastisement for the neglect of opportunities of educational enlightenment; or those of a religious turn of mind, who went so far as to claim the title of Christ's Fool, or Fool at the Court of God; or ecclesiastical buffoons, like the Dominican Mariano, who, after a life spent in the alternate performance of the parts of buffoon and monk, died in the odor of sanctity, a bishop his executor and bequeathing a third part of the riches thus equivocally acquired to Christ.

The long line is at an end. It is not indeed that the value of laughter has become depreciated with years; but in its elder age the world perhaps finds a greater difficulty in laughing of malice prepense and must be tricked into merriment unawares. At any rate, the man who now desires to be merry must be his own purveyor of mirth. Of those whose business it was to provide it nothing remains except a trace here and there—a "fool's chamber" in some old house, an inscription on a tomb, the familiar figure in cap and bells of a woodcut.

But, after all, it is not the motley that makes the jester, any more than the uniform the soldier or the cassock the priest; and there may be still among us some who, turning over the records of the past, may take home to themselves the prayer addressed, in the epitaph of Clement Marot, by the dead fool Jouan to all those living members of his craft who in that day made up so numerous a brotherhood. And thus it runs:

Tous fols et tous Jouans aussy,  
Venez pour moy prier icy,

L'ung après l'autre, et non ensemble,  
Car le lieu serait, ce me semble,  
Ung petit bien estroit pour tous,  
Et puis, s'on ne parloit pas tout doulx,  
Tant de gens me romproient mon  
somme.

And the verses go on to entreat that,  
should by chance a wise man pass that

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way, it might be at the living fools  
who crowd the place that his ridicule  
should be directed, rather than at the  
dead Jouan who lies below, since, after  
all,

Faut-il rire d'un trépassé?

*Ida A. Taylor.*

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### THE SACKING OF THE COTTAGES.

There are not so many of those quaint old dressers in the kitchens of the cottages of Wales as there used to be—not by thousands. Spinning-wheels are becoming scarce. In the most rural districts of England those little cottage-chairs which had so evidently been handed down through at least two or three generations of farm-servants have ceased to be passed on as family property under strict entail and inviolable as the most sacred possessions. They have gone. Ugly, rickety cane-bottomed things which cannot be depended on for more than a decade have taken their place. The old grandfather's clock has disappeared from the corner, and the time is taken from a diminutive piece of American machinery on the mantelpiece. Tin candlesticks have taken the place of brass. Where are they all—those old familiar things? Some of them are in Belgravia and Mayfair, many in the dining-rooms of the country seats of the rich, not a few are in the lavish homes of the meat-packers and trust-mongers of America, and the few that remain against the many that have been taken away from their old abiding-places are on view for a very short time at certain select business depôts in London, marked variously *f-e* and *tk-1*; which being reduced from terms of secrecy to those of ordinary commerce, mean fif-

teen pounds or sixty pounds, or something like that.

The plain fact is that the tasteful well-to-do, in their modern craze for the simplest articles of plain, old cottage furniture, have made up their minds that they will have all that the rustics possess in this line. They want all the dressers and the clocks and the chairs that they can find; and, the cost being no consideration, they are determined that they will have them, and that the sentiments of their owners must be sacrificed. A rich man's home is incomplete without a Welsh dresser, and there is a stigma attaching to the lady of the house until she has a spinning-wheel in some odd corner. For a time after the beginning of this fancy as a definitely constituted cult the rustic folks held fast. They were faithful to the family feeling, and when Mrs. Moneybags in person submitted her blandishments with a strong pecuniary flavor they were proof against them. This lady was often lacking in determination and tact, and, retaining from the old days of impecuniosity some of that strong feminine prejudice against paying very many more times for a thing than what it is intrinsically worth, she was apt to stop the increase in her offers a few pounds too soon, and, having read the cottager a lecture on his folly and deli-

cately hinted at the possibility of his future starvation, she went her way. But thereafter the same cottager's mind was uneasy. There were family consultations round the kitchen fire, and it was suggested and agreed upon that old grandfather Bill, who had made the dresser, was in many respects not the good soul that generous memory had been making him out to be. Likewise, holes of a large size were picked in the character of other ancient worthies of the family. And it was undeniable that times were bad.

Simultaneously, at the other end of the social scale, the demand for the old, simple things in the cottagers' homes was established as a definite fashion, a craze. A lead was given in the highest circles, and the thing was done. The rush began, and it was determined that the cottages must be sacked. Society, through its own direct individual agency, was unequal to the task; but every mania brings forth its commercial specializer, and a new profession was created at once to grapple with the emergency. The managers of warehouses of the antique in the western parts of London determined that they would sack the cottages, and that they would satisfy the appetites of their customers with dressers and grandfathers' clocks, and make much profit. In order to make the more of it they would send into the fastnesses of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, particularly Wales, certain shrewd men who were specially fitted to the business in hand, which was to find out all the cottages possessed of the things that Belgravia wanted for its country adjunct, to overcome all family scruples by the most artful coaxing, and to buy the things at the very cheapest price. No ordinary commercial traveller was equal to such a task. A combination was needed in the one man of the virtues of a Scotland Yard detective, a Bond Street

salesman, a City stockbroker, a village parson, and the mother of six. But the resources of humanity are equal to almost any demand, and no sooner were the lines of this new profession sketched out than its first members were getting into the north and west bound carriages at Euston and Paddington. They were the pioneers of furniture-spying, and they were bluntly called furniture-spies. They have done very well since then. They are in the employ both of firms of dealers and private individuals whose demands are so extensive, whose appetite for cottage curiosities is so voracious, and whose means are so unlimited that they deem it best in their own interest to have their own special pickers-up of these old-time goods. It has been stated that, besides various minor peers, a duke has had one such agent—after all, that word "spy" has a disagreeable sound—in his private service for many years; that one of the most celebrated of American millionaires, who has achieved some reputation for the merciless manner in which he has been denuding Europe of her art treasures and storing them in New York, with a most beautiful indifference to import duties, has three of them; and that in all these cases these men make from three hundred to six hundred pounds a year each.

The cottage curio-hunter is really a clever man, and is worthy of his hire. He knows a genuinely old-fashioned thing when he sees it, and he has the fine taste of the connoisseur which informs him what its value will be in the collection of his patron or what it will very probably be sold for by the dealer in whose interests he is acting. Moreover, he knows where to hunt for these things, and in what obscure corners of the country they are to be discovered in the greatest abundance and at the most moderate price. Again, he has a fine sense of the intricacies of

lowly human nature which enables him to make a good bargain with the simple cottager and take a rich prize home to London or to the hall of his master. Such a man may earn his wage by a single good bargain in a week; or at least he used to be able to do so, for the humble cottager has of recent years become well educated to his own interests. The agent is given a roving commission to go practically where he likes and do what he likes, provided that he sends a fair number of curios to headquarters at fairly regular intervals. He concentrates himself on the most out-of-the-way places that are to be discovered on the map. Regularly he starts for Wales; occasionally, when the spirit moves him, he will go down into Cornwall; sometimes he will cross the Border and make his depredations in Scotland. He may take a month to "work" half-a-dozen little villages in the same district. He will make it appear that he is merely on holiday, and will become on the most friendly terms with as many of the humble individuals as he possibly can, so that at length he will be permitted to drop into their cottages for a nice little chat and a pleasant cup of tea. Then he will cast a curious glance over the various little odds and ends that there are in this small abode, and he will pay a tactful compliment to something or other that strikes his fancy. He hears the history of it, and takes occasion to drop a word on the exaggeration of sentiment that is sometimes sustained in such matters. A day or two later he calls again, and says he has been thinking about it, and he makes an offer, which is refused. But eventually he buys what he wants, and he sends it away.

Sometimes, however, the agent will flit from village to village with great rapidity, and a case has been spoken of in which one of the profession worked fifteen English and Welsh vil-

lages in six days, and as the result of his labors for that period he sent to London four dressers, three sets of cottage chairs, three grandfathers' clocks, five warming-pans, three spinning-wheels, twelve old brass candlesticks, and a small quantity of oddments including snuffers, bits of old china, and the like. For the whole of this collection he paid out a total sum of fifteen pounds. On their arrival in London a matter of ten pounds had to be spent upon them in small repairs, and in generally doing them up so that they were ready for their grand new homes. Then they were all sold within a fortnight, and among them they realized one hundred and twenty-eight pounds ten shillings, which represented a very fair margin of profit. The dressers yielded sixty pounds, the chairs twenty-five pounds, the clocks twenty pounds, the warming-pans eight pounds, and so on. This was in the comparatively early days of the craze, when the rustic was not quite so experienced in such matters as he is at present. He would probably want fifty or sixty pounds for this lot if he had them now—which he has not. When the agent is doing a kind of flying tour on these lines he has not the time to conduct operations on the confidence-trick lines as already explained. Other expedients have to be adopted for getting inside the cottages and ingratiating himself with the inhabitants in a very short time. This has frequently been done by selling to these poor people articles of food or clothing, of such as they are in need, at absurdly low prices, such as make the hearts of the buyers warm towards the kind fairy traveller instantaneously. Here, indeed, there is no deception. Good tea has been sold to these folks at sixpence a pound, and cheese at twopence, and they have been sincerely informed at the time that they will never get such a chance again. It is

good business to lose a shilling on a pound of tea in order to gain five or ten pounds on a piece of old oak.

The thorough agent, whose object in life is to get the better of his opponents and never to miss a chance—for the competition between such agents is very keen—takes care to inform himself in every way possible of the history and circumstances of all such families as he knows to be in possession of goods that conform to his requirements. There was once an old and well-to-do family named Chidioke, residing at Haddon Manor in Wiltshire, and for over four hundred years they had in their possession one of the most beautiful old oak cabinets that could delight the heart of the collector. About the middle of last century the family died out, and the greater part of the furniture belonging to it was sold, among it this cabinet, whose value did not seem to be properly appreciated. At that time the profession of which we have been speaking had not been established, and such breakings-up of family homes as this were not attended to, so that the cabinet was bought by a farmer living on the estate, who had married one of the former servants at the house, the wife being desirous of obtaining it as a memento, with little or no knowledge of the value attaching to it then or such as would attach to it in the future. But the farmer died and left his wife in very poor circumstances, and by that time the mania for the collection of these old things had set in in full force. One of the agents heard by chance of the history of this old cabinet, and knew that it must be a prize well worth his capture. After much diligent investigation he discovered that it was stored in a stable-loft, and presumed, therefore, that but a very small value was being placed upon it by its then owner. In due course he made his overtures, and with very lit-

tle difficulty he succeeded in purchasing it for the modest sum of fifteen shillings. Very shortly afterwards it was sold to a wealthy connoisseur for no less than five hundred pounds, and it is said that it would take very much more than that to buy it again if it were ever placed upon the market.

Here is another little story of a successful *coup* by a smart agent. Living in a little stone-and-peat house, at Llan-gollen, going by the name of Bryn Cottage, was a family named Carthew, and in this dwelling there had been for some three hundred years an old-fashioned dresser which was a model of its kind, a "perfect specimen," as it would be called, which for all this time had been put to the mean and common uses of the kitchen work of such a humble abode—as why should it not have been? Several agents at length came to know of the treasure in the cottage, and made their advances to the Carthew family who lived in it, first of all offering a modest sovereign for the dresser, and then bit by bit increasing their tenders until they stood still at fifteen pounds. When the harvests were poor and the times specially bad the agents called again; but though the Carthews treated their dresser as of little value from the point of view of its rarity, they cherished the family sentiments that attached to it, and they would not give it up. But at last the chief of the Carthews died, and there was a sale, and at that sale the agent of a well-known firm bought the dresser for twenty pounds. It was carried to London, "done up," exhibited somewhat, and then in due course it was bought by an agent of the King for seventy pounds.

There is a pretty story about one of the very choicest old spinning-wheels that are to be found anywhere, which is at present in the Ingestre collection, and is likely to remain there for a very long time to come. It took ten years



for the agents to capture it from an obstinate lady, the wife of a miner working in the Crosby coal-pits. An agent discovered it as he was making one of his rounds. He saw it through the window. He noticed its early pattern, its beautiful points, its bits of oyster-shell inlaid in the framework, and his heart began to beat. He knocked at the door and presented his compliments to Mrs. Simmons, the wife of the miner, and in due course he broached the subject of the wheel. But she would not listen to any proposal for its purchase, and the man saw that he must defer his overtures to another day. Then the secret got out among the other agents, and they all called, so that the lady became much incensed, and it was told along the country-side that on one occasion she drove them away from her door with a flat-iron held menacingly in her hand. But it is the favorite proverb of the agents that everything comes to him who waits—waits at the doors of these humble cottages, where sooner or later the pressure of hard times is likely to be felt. The roof of the cottage fell in, and the vulture agents swooped down upon it then, thinking surely that the Simmonses must yield. But they tided over this difficulty, and snapped their fingers in the faces of the fine gentlemen from London. Then there was a strike at the pits where Simmons was employed, and he was out of work on a very meagre allowance of strike-pay. The agents consoled, and renewed their offers, but they were rebuffed again. But a woman's love for finery, and her unselfish desire to have a "fine wedding" for her daughter, were not proof against the sacrifice which was not to be made when there was no shelter in the home, and when the unpleasantnesses of privation were being experienced. There was a Miss Simmons, and she had a sweetheart, who in good time came to claim her for his

wife. Dear old Mrs. Simmons emptied the family stocking, but still there was not enough for her to achieve her objects of pride and ambition in the matter of a wedding that would do justice to her bonny daughter; and so she beckoned to the men from London to come, and she sold the wheel—for twenty pounds. Before it went to its present collection it was sold again for forty-five pounds—an exceedingly high price for a spinning-wheel, for a good one can be obtained for a five-pound note.

Talk to one of these agents, and he will tell you many curious things about his work, and many quaint anecdotes of his experiences and of the hustling times that he has in competition with his rivals. He says that a few years ago there was certainly ten million pounds' worth of curios—on the valuation of the period—in the workmen's cottages in the country; but, thanks to the depredations which have been made, there are not so many now. In the heyday of the fashion some ten thousand pounds' worth was captured every week and sent up to London. In these times huge profits were made by the dealers, and the agents made fine commissions that now and then enabled them to set up country cottages of their own and put in them one or two trifles gathered in their wanderings. But by-and-by the workman-cottager became better educated to the value of his things, and he put it to himself very sensibly that if the grand folk in London wanted his poor sticks, no doubt they would be willing to give a good price for them, fools as he thought they must be. A simple farm-laborer had in his cottage a very old oak wardrobe. It had been his grandfather's, and that was the earliest that he knew of it; but it must have dated much farther back than the days of this old gentleman. An agent saw it, and he thought that a couple of pounds might

very likely buy it, and so he offered them. What amazement was his when the laborer winked and smiled, and calmly stated that a cheque for a hundred would make the wardrobe his, but not a penny less! It turned out that there had been other agents here before, and that they had already raised their offers to some seventy or eighty pounds. Very likely the farm-hand got his hundred soon afterwards, or perhaps more.

Here is an example of the times when the mere antique furniture agent feels the fierce joy of life—the thrills. Late one night one of the members of the profession heard that a specimen of extreme rarity and high value had been suddenly discovered in a little village in the north of England. There was no time to be lost; he knew that two or three of his competitors were already hot upon the trail. So he took the first train available to the village, and opened negotiations with the owner of the gem; but this man was exorbitant, and the process of doing business was slow. The agent thought that he might wait a little while; but one night, when all the occupants of the little inn where he was housed had gone to rest, including himself, there was a knock at the outer door, a stranger was admitted, and from his bedroom the agent recognized the voice and name of one of his keenest rivals, who had evidently driven over from the junction some miles distant, where a night mail had set him down. This man was one who had the reputation of “plunging” when he had set his mind on getting possession of any article that was open to be bought, and it was difficult for competitors to hold the field against him.

*Chambers's Journal.*

So the other knew that the time for decisive action had come. He must act before morning.

He waited until the new-comer had retired and all was quiet again, and then he put on his clothes, crept stealthily downstairs, unbolted the door, and went out. He had a couple of miles to walk through the rain to the cottage containing the coveted article. When he reached it he roused the inmates, and bartered with them in their night-clothes. Unusually wise for their kind, these simple folk argued with themselves that there must surely be some special and very important reason why this man should come out thus and bargain with them in the small hours of the morning. The inference was that their curio had increased in value, and thereupon they put up the price. A few hours before they had told this man they would sell it for twenty pounds; now they asked fifty for it. The agent said that, for private reasons, he could not wait till the morning. “Then pay the price to-night,” was the simple rejoinder. Eventually the bargain was completed at forty-five pounds at a quarter to two in the morning. Tired, but satisfied, the agent walked back to his inn, and he must needs give some early intimation to his rival of how he had outwitted him. So as he crept back to his room for a long sleep he sought out that of the new man, and on the door he pinned a copy of the receipt for the money that he had paid, with a note attached to the effect that the original could be seen on application to No. 5 not earlier than eleven o'clock in the morning.

*Henry Leach.*

## A LADY OF THE OLD REBELLION.

## CHAPTER III.

Mr. James was by no means easy next day to find that Locharn was not leaving Scorry at once. Mr. Macpherson, the factor, was most wishful to see him depart, seeing what had happened on the night before. "The Chief could not do better than to be going at the earliest," he said to the Preacher in the morning, "and I am surprised he does not see that himself. If anything was to come out about the Captain, and Locharn here,—alone, as you may say,—I would not be surety for his safety, Mr. James, for the people are hot against him already, as you know."

But Hugh did not take the same view of things himself. He thought his place was in Scorry until all this breeze about a new rising was completely blown over; and he sent a son of the factor's to Locharn to bring back a company of Campbell men, fully armed, in case an emergency might arise. For himself, he had no sooner taken breakfast than he ordered his beast to be saddled, and asked Mr. James if he were in the mind for a ride. The Preacher asked where he would ride to, and the other replied that it was to Kintraid, and he told him the reason, and took the miniature from his breast-pocket and showed it to him. Mr. James looked at it without a word. Hugh's appearance was not very cheerful or happy, and he was concerned for him. "This may be my last visit to the place," he said with a kind of laugh, and put the picture back in his pocket. The other tried to dissuade him from going, at least for a day or two. He had a strong presentiment that trouble was coming, and he offered to ride himself to Kintraid with the packet rather than that Locharn

should expose himself among the Macleans after what he had done the night before. But Sir Hugh saw no great danger, for he considered it to be the interest of the Marquis to keep the thing as secret as he would do himself. "Hoots, Mr. James," said he, "do you forget the ride we had before Malplaquet? There was one with a spice to it." But the Preacher shook his head, for he felt himself getting too old to relish such spice, and yet he would not be content to stay behind, but ordered his horse, feeling all the while a great depression and sense of coming calamity hanging over him.

At Kintraid the two had small satisfaction for their pains in going. Miss Isobel Maclean would see no one, and there was some coldness and constraint in the manner of Sir Alexander and his lady, so that Locharn could not but think they had private knowledge of what had happened the night before. He himself told as much of it as he thought right to Sir Alexander, but he found the old gentleman very incredulous and indifferent. He would not believe there was another plot brewing, and yet he seemed so irritated and annoyed at the mention of such a thing that Hugh could not but think he had more suspicions than he admitted. Locharn said nothing to him of the captain or of the miniature, but he left the packet with Lady Mathieson, and a brief letter saying it had come into his hands accidentally and that he believed the gentleman to whom it belonged to be safe and well.

It was just before the darkening that he left Kintraid with his companion. They rode out of the gate to the bold, grassy top above the sea, where Sir Hugh and Miss Isobel had caught

sight of the French ship on the night of Scorry's escape. There was some light lingering there yet, from the red glow of the sun setting at the horizon, and a gleam of it over the tops of the birch-trees showed the advances the spring was making. When the horsemen rode down the side of the hill into the bushes, however, it became very dusky all at once. Mr. James had put aside his apprehensions altogether, the ride earlier in the day having been so quiet, and his thoughts were now taken up with the visit to Kintraid and the half-hearted character of Sir Alexander's loyalty. Yet, they were not half a mile from the house when he had cause to remember his forebodings. There was a little crackling in the bushes on the side of the road where Locharn was riding, and then, without more warning, there were two shots fired, and the Chief gave a cry and swayed in the saddle. He called out something to the Preacher, but Mr. James's horse had taken fright with the shots, being a young beast, and was away down the road at the gallop. He had great difficulty in checking him, and when he got control of him again and came back to his companion, Sir Hugh had fallen forward in the saddle like one dead, the blood pouring from his face. There was no sound or sign of those that had fired the shots, and, indeed, Mr. James had more to do than to think of them. He stanchd the blood with his silk neckerchief, and Locharn came to himself at his touch and groaned and muttered some hot word of the cowards that had lain in wait for him, and went off again in a swoon. The Preacher saw there was nothing for it but to go back the way they came, and he turned the horse, with Sir Hugh lying forward on his neck, and led him slowly—his heart heavy and bitter—up the brae to Kintraid.

There was great consternation there

when the visitors returned in such fashion, and if Sir Alexander and his lady had been constrained and cold an hour before, they were now filled with distress and anxiety and kindness. Sir Alexander, indeed, was greatly put about to think that such a thing should happen to Locharn so near his own gates, and in the state of the country he felt that it reflected very ill on his own people, and in a manner on himself. He sent off post-haste to Inverara for a surgeon, and put his whole house at the disposal of Mr. James, and was in such a fuss and agitation that he was of little use to assist the Preacher. Mr. James was, happily, something of a surgeon himself, and he did what he could for the wounded man, and was very grave about it, for the two shots had struck him, one in the chest and one in the face, and when he saw the mischief they had done he had small hope of his recovery. He lay raving and muttering in fever, and the Preacher watched him night and day, and at first would hardly take assistance from any one, so bitter was his heart against the Macleans and all belonging to them for the work their clan had done. Especially he was hot against Isobel, who had fanned the flame of hate in the country-side until this had come of it—until Hugh Campbell of Locharn had been shot down by a cowardly assassin in the dark of a wood. At first after coming to Kintraid he saw glimpses of the lady here and there without having speech of her, or, indeed, observing her greatly, so taken up was he with the Chief. Then one day he came face to face with her on the stairs.

"Have you any more hopes of him?" she asked in a strained whisper.

"I have not," he answered, and would have passed, but she prevented him.

"You will pray for him," she said in the same whisper. "You are

a preacher, and God will hear you."

"Madam," said Mr. James in a stern voice, "I do not need you to ask me that. He is dear to me as my own son." A wave of indignation almost choked his voice as he thought who it was that was speaking in this way. "I think you have need to pray for yourself," said he, "to ask forgiveness. If you had not stirred up the people, this would not have happened; and if he dies, as I think he will, I wish I could clear you of the blame!"

The girl was as pale as death. "I do not need you to tell me that either," she said, her eyes blazing, but her voice still whispering. And she let him pass.

When the surgeon came at first from Inverara, he had no more hopes of Locharn than Mr. James had. A gloom hung over the house, and the Preacher himself could not complain of any want of care or anxiety or attention at Kintraid. Indeed he could not very well avail himself of all the attention that was offered for Sir Hugh, for the old man had another anxiety besides that of the Chief's condition. In his raving Locharn kept babbling of the plot and the Marquis, and Mr. James was sore put to it how he was to keep things from coming out that should be kept secret. He would allow no servant into the sick chamber, and he sent to Scorry for Mrs. Macpherson, Mr. William's mother, to help to nurse him, for she was a skilful woman, besides being of his own side and very staunch. He made the best excuses he could to Lady Mathieson, and took as little of her help as was possible without causing offence. Of all the household, it was Isobel he feared most, for if she came to know of the Marquis wavering between two causes and the papers he supposed Hugh to have, when there were no such papers, there was no saying what mischief might be done yet.

He warned Mrs. Macpherson of the need of secrecy, and how she was to let no one into the room where the wounded man lay, and he could but hope that his caution might suffice, for it seemed a risky thing to hear Locharn calling aloud what he would most wish to hide. It was an anxious time altogether for Mr. James, and there was one day in particular that he lost all hope of the chief, the fever ran so high and had continued so long. In the evening, being exhausted, he was forced to take rest, and he left Mr. William's mother keeping watch. He had not been gone long when Locharn became restless and excited, and began to cry out that he had broken the back of the conspiracy, and that the Marquis had lost his game. "I have lost something too," he muttered. "Do you know that, my lord? I have lost my love,—I have lost Isobel." He went over this many times, becoming more and more wild, and his tones louder, till the good woman was at her wits' end what to do to calm him. Then of a sudden the door opened, and Isobel herself came in, her face white as parchment. She took no notice of Mrs. Macpherson, but came straight across the room, looking neither to right nor left, and laid her hand on one of Hugh's.

"Oh, hush, hush!" she said in low soft tones, such as she might use to a fretful child; "I am here,—Isobel is here. You were calling her, and she is here."

Sir Hugh's eyes were bandaged, so that he could not see, and he did not appear to understand, yet in some way the girl's voice calmed him at once, and he sank back into the old low mutterings about the plot and the Marquis.

"Where are the papers?" he said. "There are none here,—there is nothing here but a picture. It is mine. I will not give it back to you."

The woman, watching, was alarmed

and dismayed. She did not know what to do, but stood like one pushed aside, afraid to move or to speak, or to disturb the quiet that was falling on Locharn. The girl did not appear to be conscious of her presence, but bent over Hugh and began to croon a lullaby under her breath. It was slow and monotonous, and had but a few words to it, but she went over it and over again; it acted like some charm on the fever-stricken man, and the flush died from his face, he ceased muttering, and before long his breathing showed that he was asleep. Then the girl turned and went quickly from the room, and Mr. William's mother sat staring after her.

When Mr. James returned, he saw at once the change that had come to the chief, and that he slept peacefully at last; and when he heard Mrs. Macpherson's tale he was divided between some gratitude and softening towards the lady on the one hand, and on the other alarm at what she had heard, and for the use she might make of it. Indeed, he was perplexed and rebuked and suspicious all at once. He knew there was great compassion and kindness in the girl, for he had seen both in her, when he first saw her at Scorry alone with the body of the poor serving-woman; yet he had proofs enough of her bitter enmity to Locharn, and between the two he did not know what to make of her.

On the next morning the Chief awoke conscious, the fever gone, and some hope of him lifted a weight from the Preacher's mind. Later in the day he went in search of Miss Isobel, whom he found taking a breath of air in the walled garden on the sheltered side of the house.

"He is better!" she said, seeing the old man's altered air, and Mr. James replied that he was,—that he hoped and believed he was.

"I have to thank you for your kind-

ness to him," he said, with a little difficulty. "I have heard of it, and I believe, under God, it has been the saving of him."

There was a stone sun-dial in the middle of the garden walk, covered over with ivy save on the surface, which was kept clipped, and the girl leaned against it as if for support.

"I am glad he is better," she said, her lips trembling. But the Preacher was intent on his own thoughts.

"When you saw him," he went on, "he was not in his senses, and, as you know, there is no trust to be put in a sick man's ravings. Yet there may be some truth, and I know Locharn has that on his mind which he would not wish to be spoken of at this time,—matters where you and he are on different sides. Perhaps you heard him come over them yesterday, and seeing his condition, and how he may not recover, I would ask you to extend your kindness so far as to consider them sacred."

Mr. James looked gravely at the girl as he spoke, and she flushed hotly. "Do you think me a spy?" she cried, and turning away from him, she bent her head over the dial and began weeping wildly. "Oh, you are hard," she said passionately, "you are hard."

Mr. James put his wrinkled hand on one of her small white ones. "Poor lassie!" he said in a softened voice, that was still puzzled and perplexed. "We have need to be gentle with one another these days. I have been more a man of war than a man of peace all my days, and I spoke too hardly when I saw you last. I have been thinking that. I am sure you never wished his death, and now I think God will be good to us. You will pray for him as well as I, for there is none more unworthy to be heard than myself, Preacher though I am."

But Miss Isobel did not look up or speak, and at last Mr. James went



away and left her, vexed with himself for his harsh thoughts of her, and yet not understanding her very well either.

Locharn was hardly recovered so far as to be out of danger when the rumor came, first of a new Jacobite rising, and then, on the top of that, of how it had come to naught. The Spanish ships that Sandy Campbell had brought news of were reported to have been sunk or damaged by a storm in the Bay of Biscay. Two vessels, indeed, driven separate from the others, landed on the coast to the north of Scurry, but few of the clansmen were ready to join with those on board of them, and the Marquis had nothing to say to them, having but a few days before their arrival made choice at last of his side, and taken office under the Government. A few regiments dispersed the rebels, and the whole thing served only to take the heart out of the Jacobite party, and show them the hopelessness of their cause. The news affected those at Kintraid very differently. Mr. James rejoiced, thanking the Almighty for a new deliverance from the danger of Stewart rule. Sir Hugh, weak with illness, heard it apathetically. Isobel, the only hot Jacobite in the household, took it quietly, and yet went about with flushed cheeks and eyes that held a little spark of indignant fire in them. The Preacher took occasion in those days to assure her of the safety of her cousin, Captain Archibald, for he had heard the rumor of her being betrothed to him. There was now no great secret to keep in regard to the plot, seeing it was over and done with; and indeed he suspected that she had been acquainted with most of it from the beginning. To test her he mentioned the Marquis, and she fired up at the word.

"He is a traitor," she cried. "He has betrayed the cause."

"Madam," the Preacher said gravely, "it is a bad cause. If you had the

experience I have had, you would know that."

"Is that the reason he turned his back on it?" she said scornfully. "No—but because it was weak, and he was afraid; because the other side had more to offer him; because it seems men care more for their own selfish gain than for anything else. Oh, I would I were a man, when I see how everything must be lost for lack of one!"

The old man regarded her with some admiration. "Nay, madam," said he, "I think you have judged the Marquis rightly; but he is only one. I know a man who had nothing to gain by opposing the Marquis, yet he opposed him because he believed his own cause to be the right one. He had no followers with him, and yet he took the risk of going to him at the Kintraid inn and telling him he was discovered. I believe," he added with a laugh, "that he had the folly to drink King George's health in his presence, and when he came away there was no one waiting to back him but an old Preacher who should be done with such things altogether."

"It is good to have courage," said the girl, her eyes shining.

"That man had nothing to gain," Mr. James continued. "I believe he thought he had something to lose."

Isobel was silent, turning away her head.

When Locharn began to recover strength, a new trouble almost took the heart out of him. The surgeon told him that in all likelihood he would find his sight gone when his eyes were unbandaged. The shot in his face had touched them both, and he had little hope of anything but blindness for him. This news was a great shock to the Chief. To him, who was hot for life and action and the stir of events, such an existence as he saw before him seemed worse than death; and now at

last, when he thought of Miss Isobel, he believed Providence to be against him, as the Preacher had said. He saw that his love and his will and his perseverance could not do everything after all—that they could not do anything, indeed, in the face of such a calamity as was likely to befall him. At first, being weak still, he did not take the thing very well, but brooded over it by the hour, and became so gloomy and irritable that he would be ashamed of himself, remembering what kindness he received from every one. He spent much of his time in the small drawing-room, where he had once spoken with Miss Isobel of the Scorry rents, and sitting there with the bandage on his eyes, he was served by all with a willingness that showed him constantly how he was become an object for their pity. And of this nothing reminded him so painfully as the change in her whom he had known of old in so many moods,—of anger and of defiance,—for now she had for him but one unvarying mood of gentleness.

Spring was now past, and the summer had come very warm and sunny and dry. Mr. James went away to Locharn on the chief's business. Lady Mathieson was something of an invalid, and Hugh was left to the company of Sir Alexander, and, oddly and yet naturally, to the care of Isobel. It was strange indeed to him to sit by her in peace and to ask her for this and for that, and to speak with her of little trifling things. At times he did not look beyond the hour that was passing, but was more happy and content in her company than he had ever been in his life, but again he was stabbed to the heart by her level kindness, because it seemed to set him apart from others, as one whom it would be cruelty not to pity. At such times the very sound of active life seemed to madden him,—the clatter of horses' hoofs at the gates, the running of hasty steps, the noise

of a sword thrust in the sheath. He was hot to be away from Kintraid—to be away from Isobel. He was tempted to anger her, so that she might answer him hotly like an equal, and not as the poor broken thing he had become. As he was minded to be off, who should turn up one day but Captain Archibald Maclean, back again from France almost as soon as Sandy Campbell had landed him there, and fuming with rage at Locharn for what he had done, and how, as he told his cousin, he had brought the cause to ruin by preventing the meeting with the Marquis, on whom all had depended. It was no little surprise to him to find the very man himself at Kintraid, and, as it seemed, high in favor there. There was a stiff enough meeting between them: had it not been for Hugh's bandaged head, it would have been stiffer on the captain's part, and perhaps more cordial on Locharn's. The captain was in a very ill humor. He was wild over the lost cause, and the defection of the Marquis, and the hardships he had suffered himself when he was stranded a full month in the Lews, while the Jacobite plot was going to pieces. And now to see the very man that had wrought the mischief receiving kindness from Miss Isobel was enough to anger any man. He would have picked a quarrel with him, and brought their differences to the sword's-point, before he had been a day in Kintraid, had Locharn been able to meet him on equal terms. As for Hugh, he made up his mind that Isobel was betrothed to her cousin—a thing he had never taken into consideration till the time he found the miniature among the captain's possessions. He took a great distaste of the man, for though he could not see him, there was something in his laugh and in the gay flippancy of his voice that he did not like.

Captain Maclean remained at Kintraid only two days, and he had a fenc-

ing-match of words with Locharn in that time. The two chanced to be left alone together, and at first they were silent,—the captain playing with the strings of Miss Isobel's guitar, and Sir Hugh standing inactive, his arm on the mantel-shelf, and no wish to exchange pleasantries with a man he had no fancy for. The other seemed to be of a different mind, however, for he soon began to speak on trifling matters, and presently he came round to Sandy Campbell and the time he spent with him in the Lews—his tones touched with a light mockery that was like a travesty of Isobel's.

"I trust you were as comfortably lodged as could be expected," said Locharn, coldly enough.

"Indeed," the other replied, "I cannot say much for that. It was the fortune of war, however, and I must not complain—though I think it was something unofficial too. One would not think much of it if it came after a fair fight."

He spoke with a light insolence, and Hugh was angered. "Captain Maclean," said he, "you did not come fighting—you came plotting."

"Have you the proof of that?" the other returned coolly. "Have you a scrape of the pen that would show it?"

"I have proof enough," said Hugh, but he knew that, as far as papers were concerned, the other was right.

"I should like to see the proof, Sir Hugh," cried the captain. "I should like to see it. I do not think the thing was very creditable altogether, since we are at it, and it's a strange thing that what I was robbed of by your followers was not a treasonable paper, but something very far different."

"Robbed!" said Locharn; "you have a strong word there, Captain Maclean."

"It's a true word," replied the other, "for I was robbed of the picture of a lady, a miniature that was of consider-

able value, and I cannot think that very creditable to your clan."

Sir Hugh restrained his anger with difficulty. "You use your words very unadvisedly, Captain," said he, "for the picture you speak of is in the possession of your cousin, Miss Maclean, and has been since it came by an accident into mine."

The other was a little taken aback, for Isobel had not mentioned the miniature to him. "I do not know about that," said he, recovering himself. "Whoever has it now, I should like to know why it was taken from me. It was a queer accident that brought it to you."

Locharn's hand went by the force of old habit to his side, where the hilt of his sword should have been, for in those days there was only the one foolish method of settling a dispute or replying to an insult among gentlemen. But with the action came the remembrance of his helplessness, and at the moment Isobel returned to the room. Her look went from one to the other,—from Locharn, flushed and angry, standing up very straight by the fire, to her cousin sitting playing with the guitar-strings, a little malicious smile curling his lip.

"I think, Archibald," she said, laughing, and her eyes flashing a little, "you are not a very good nurse."

"I never had much practice in the work," said he.

"And I do not need it," Locharn added to that, somewhat roughly and ungraciously. "I have been too long a burden on your kindness, and I must not trespass on it much longer."

"It is no trespass," said the girl quietly.

She went away with her cousin, and Hugh saw no more of her that day, and he raged at himself for his surly rudeness and ingratitude. Next morning the Captain was gone. It appeared he had business in another part

of the country, and when that was done it was his intention to return to France.

Locharn was all impatience to be gone also. He only awaited the return of Mr. James, for blind as he was it was not easy for him to go a journey without a friend. The hope came to him one day that his sight would not be lost altogether after all, for though he suffered pain still and could not bear the light, yet if at any time the bandage was removed for a moment, he saw no wall of blank darkness before him, as he had feared.

He spoke to Miss Isobel about the miniature after the Captain left, and asked if she had received it safely. She replied that she had, and that it had been her father's, and the Captain had brought it home from France to her. She spoke with seeming difficulty, and passed at once to talk of other things, and Hugh was left to turn over in his mind the ideas her words started. The Captain had spoken as if the picture was his own, and now it seemed it had been her father's. It might be possible she was not betrothed to her cousin, as he had thought. Yet again, he called to mind the Captain's words and tone, and how he had been constantly with Isobel while he was at Kintraid, and he said to himself that if it had been her father's before, it might be her cousin's now, and that, whether or no, it could make little difference to him.

Locharn could not but see, since his coming to Kintraid, what a great gulf he had been seeking to bridge over, when he sought to win the love of Miss Isobel. There was the old enmity between Scorry and Locharn,—the ancient bitter tales that had been taught, like nursery rhymes, to himself and the girl; there was her father's black treachery to her in the matter of the letter; there was the Rebellion that had brought them first face to face in

anger; there was the trouble about Scorry; and, last of all, there was the strange fate that made himself the man to overthrow the last hope of the Jacobites in the West. He could not but see the madness of the suit that would have crossed so many streams,—assailed so many barriers; and yet he knew it was none of these that had put a stop to it. It was the girl herself, with her compassionate kindness; it was the Providence he could not combat, that was like to put a dark wall between him and all the life Isobel loved,—the life of stir and movement, of brave men and gallant deeds.

He had one thing to speak about, however, before he left Kintraid, and that was the Scorry estate, and before long his opportunity came. He found himself left a long time alone one evening, and being weary of his idleness and impatient of his helplessness, he went stumbling out of the house by himself, trusting to his staff to guide him. No one encountered him or spoke to him, and he went on cautiously over the hill-top and into the wood, and there threw himself on the moss under the birch-trees. The sound of the waves below the rocks was loud there, and the scent of the greenery about him strong and fresh. In the peace of the place he began to think with shame of the poor coward he had been when he looked out to the life that was before him. He saw himself like a petulant boy, angry and peevish because he could not get the thing he wanted, and he called on himself to be a man at least, though he might be a blind one. He had been a considerable time alone without disturbance, thinking and struggling with himself in this fashion, when there came the sound of a voice calling him. It was Isobel's,—not very loud, and with a little anxious note in it that was to him so bitter-sweet that he could not bring

himself to reply to it, but lay and listened and hoped for it again. She called several times, and still he did not answer, but listened and listened again, and at last he heard her foot-steps come near, and he shouted out to her. He heard her give a little cry, for she saw him at the same moment.

"You are there," she said, her breath coming hurriedly, as if she had been running. She asked if he had heard her calling, and he answered shamefacedly that he had heard her. "You did not answer," she said, and he knew from her voice that she was angry. "I think you might have taken the trouble to answer, Sir Hugh."

"Do not be angry," he said, stumbling to his feet. He felt a strange pleasure in having roused her at last from her pity to something like his old knowledge of her. "Forgive my foolishness, Miss Isobel. It pleased me to fancy you called in kindness for me, and I was fain to hear you call again."

"And I think," she said hotly, "that you did very unkindly. We had some reason for concern for—for any one coming here to the rocks blindfold, and I think you might have answered,—I think at least you might have answered."

"Forgive me," said he; "it is always my ill-fortune to offend you." The girl did not reply, but he could feel that she was still disturbed. "I have something to say to you," he went on, "since we have the opportunity, and if you will have the kindness to listen. I have heard there is a proposal to buy back Scurry for you, and I wish to let you know, before I go, that I will put no difficulty in the way of that. Heaven knows, I would gladly give it to you if you would accept it from me; but at all events I will be agreeable to whatever terms your friends are willing to make for it."

"I do not want Scurry," said the girl petulantly,

"Ah, but I know you do," Locharn went on. "Since we first met, Miss Isobel, circumstances have forced us into disagreement. Now that I have received so much kindness at your hands, I hope there will be no more ill-will between us. When I bought Scurry, it was not for myself,—it was, as you know, because I was foolish enough to think that the day would come when I could give it back to you. Well," he added, "it will be given back now, though not in the way I hoped."

"What way was that?" said Isobel.

"Ah, you know that very well," Hugh answered.

"I have a bad memory at times," said the girl.

Locharn thought she was still angry, and now he thought it was she who was unkind. "I thought I could win you for my wife," he said in a low tone. "There is no need to speak of that now."

For a moment Isobel was silent, and when she spoke her voice was changed. "I have something to say too," she said tremulously. "I vowed I would not marry you. I was angry and wild against you. I would not stop to think. I set my people against you, and they were all for revenge, and I was for revenge. Ah," she cried passionately, "do you know that if you had died it would have been my fault?" Hugh cried out that she was not to say that, or to blame herself. "Blame myself!" said she, her voice breaking,—"*I will never cease to blame myself.*"

Locharn began fumbling at the kerchief that was tied over his eyes. "If I am to have my sight," he cried fiercely, "I will win you yet."

He tore the linen away, and now the light blinded him, and he was forced to cover his eyes with his hands.

"Oh, what have you done?" said the girl. "Do you want me, then, after all? Do you mean that you want me after all?"

Locharn gave a great cry and turned towards her, half blind as he was, but even as he did so he checked himself. "You shall not marry a blind man," he said huskily. "I was forgetting—I am not sure—I will pray God—"

But even as he spoke the cloud began to lift from him. In the cool green place the mist was clearing from his eyes, and he began to see more and more distinctly the face of the girl he loved. He felt very lightsome and happy all of a sudden, and yet he could hardly believe he had a reason for it. "Do you mean," he said in a whisper, "that I have the chance to win you still?"

But Isobel cried "No" to that, and then, "Oh, my dear!" she said, "my dear! You have all the heart I have—this long time."

And at that Hugh gave a great sob,  
Blackwood's Magazine.

and caught her in his arms, calling her such names as lovers use.

"So it has come to this after all," he said. And now he laughed out like a boy.

So there was the end of the feud, and once the thing was settled it was strange to see how even Mr. James took it with a good grace. And of all the douce Campbell ladies who came to Locharn, none, they say, was so beloved among her people as the gay, gallant Jacobite lass who was Sir Hugh's wife. And even the clans came to some peace in time. Yet the rumor goes that there was a good Whig house in the West in those days, and when toasts were drunk, and some one cried "The King!" the master of it drank to George of Hanover, but his lady crossed her glass over the water.

*Lydia Miller Mackay.*

## MEMORIES OF MANNERS.

### I. DRESS.

Clothes, said Carlyle, are the types of social institutions, and certainly dress is significant of manners. Now we think less of conventionalities than of comfort. In the daily obituary we read of the demise of a "gentleman of the old school," which the memorialist regretfully remarks is dying out. We recall the departed, as we remember him at the clubs and elsewhere, clean-shaven, benignant of aspect, deliberate of speech, courteous to all and affable to his inferiors. Above all, we remember him by the precision of his dress, from the starched cravat and the slightly frilled shirt to the carefully polished shoe-leather. The costume was the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual graces. He was a survival of the race who were laid to rest in the family vault beneath an inscription of many lines, recording good deeds and commemorating virtues.

The old school is dying out, the old order is passing, with its formalities and punctilious observance of the conventionalities, and one naturally asks is the change for the better? We incline to conservatism as the days go on, and I own myself laudator temporis acti; but as for the clothes, I am free to confess that there is much to be said for more free-and-easy manners. I leave deductions to others and merely note some memories of the past. One of the best and kindest friends of my boyhood was an ancient beau of the second quarter of the last century. He had lived fast, wrecked a fine fortune, and retired to a provincial town on a small annuity. Punctually, each Saturday, he would call at my preparatory school, to take me out for a walk with a call at the pastrycook's, and we seldom parted without some trifling tip. Yet the



pleasure was not all unmixed, for though his figure must have been familiar, the people would stare. His wear was a blue cut-away with brass buttons, a buff waistcoat the color of yolks of eggs, white jean pantaloons and buckled shoes. In rain or sunshine, mud or dust, he seemed to walk unspotted by the world. Above all there was a well-brushed beaver hat, the only beaver I ever saw, to my knowledge. For the beavers had gone out before my time, the silk that might have been "shined" by Day and Martin had come in, and Lock, who still shows the old green shutters in S. James' Street, and Jupp were at the top of the trade. A silk hat was the most unwelcome present I ever had. It was a far cry from Eton to the North, and when I was compelled to sport the new headpiece of a Sunday, like Rob of the charitable grinders in his shorts, I walked the streets like an early Christian martyr. With the evolution of the new style came great industrial changes still in course of development. The trappers of the Far West carried their scalps back to the settlements, and the home hat trade came with a boom and a rush. The beaver had defied all weathers: the silk was ruined with one heavy shower and suffered severely when taken on nocturnal rounds from Evans' or the Argyle to Vauxhall or Cremorne. And so the hatter flourished exceedingly, till felts and billycocks have been superseding the silken tile. Twenty or even half a score of years ago, if you went into the hall of one of the clubs in the season, there were nothing but the silks to be seen on the hat-pegs. Only here and there some literary or artistic light, sporting a slouch or a sombrero by way of advertisement, ventured to set the prejudices of society at defiance. Now, especially on wet days, the hall of the club is what would then have been regarded as a

museum of eccentricities, and your hatter periodically sends touching appeals, reminding you that months have gone by since he was favored with your orders. Again, if you turn to the columns of the "Field," or any of the smart journals, you will be tempted by all manner of attractive advertisements of wrappers for shooting and fishing, riding, driving and motoring. In my youth, when you were seated on the top of a coach you were happy in the possession of a tight-fitting Petersham, and the legs, unless you made friends with the guard, were left to look after themselves. The professional driving-coats alone seemed built for eternity, and I remember through a soaking day looking enviously into Captain Barclay's expanse of back as he coached his Defiance southwards. When he descended before the "Salutation" at Perth he shook himself, and emerged "dry as a toast." I remember little about waterproofs, though Mackintosh must then have patented an invention eminently suited to the misty country of his clan. The first of the tolerably satisfactory overgarments was the poncho imported from the Pampas, but soon to be superseded by the Highland adaptation of the Inverness cape. That was popular for a time, but in a blustering climate it was less suited to the free play of the limbs than the plaid of the hillman. I believe the last man who stuck to it was that staunch old Conservative, the late Mr. Markham Spofforth. For the invaluable frieze Ulster we were indebted to watery Ireland. But the most notable changes, and all for the better, have been in the costume for out-of-doors work of all kinds. Now I cannot conceive how, as Hotspur said, we 'scaped coughs and chills and rheumatic ailments when we shot and fished or scaled Alpine mountains, as we got drenched and dried again in the cotton shirt. It was a shock for

the doctors, and a godsend to all who took to them, when flannels came in. In the clever illustrations to Scrope's "Deerstalking" and "The Oakleigh Shooting Code," we see stalkers and grouse-shooters in clinging coats and long, fashionably cut trousers, and sometimes with headgear that must have needed holding on. The Norfolk jacket, mined with capacious pockets, was a luxurious innovation before the breechloader and the cartridge-belt came in. Then homespuns replaced broadcloth and the more flimsy tweeds; uncompromising leather leggings gave place to the flexible flax, and knickerbockers with knitted stockings let the damp drain off when you were tramping it through moor and morass. Boots of all sorts underwent a transformation. I never owned the Bluchers associated by Thackeray with Lord Brougham at Meurice's, but I remember my pride in a pair of Wellingtons, a modification of an exploded form of torture, involving untold troubles in packing.

Passing from the field to the drawing-room or the promenade, the toilette was infinitely more correct in those days, and fashion as to coats more inflexible. The frock, even when cut by Poole, was all very well for the slim or the portly, but it did not suit all figures. It burlesqued the short stout man, who carried it off with a swagger. On the other hand, great latitude was allowed in vests and linen. The double or triple waistcoat of various colors had disappeared, but fancy was permitted to run riot in Syrian dyes and curious embroidery. A brodered waistcoat was as common a gage d'amour as the presentation of worked slippers to a curate. And the fancy shirt-fronts of fine linen were in keeping, often with a pink or roseate underglow shining through transparent cambric. Young men were lavish of jewelry and fanciful in scents. They

wore studs of diamond, pearl and emerald; they steeped their handkerchiefs for the dinner or the dance in the latest inventions of Plesse and Lubin. The old gentlemen still drew sixty-guinea watches with massive gold chains from deep fob pockets. Their juniors dangled collections of charms and locketts from slender Venetian chains attached to light Genevas, and the watch-snatchers had an easier if less lucrative time. When letters used to be sealed everybody wore a signet ring. With the adhesive envelope the necessity for the seal had gone by, but the old habit was still a fair excuse for displays which would now be condemned as the sure stamp of vulgarity. But one opening for ostentation was disappearing. I remember many an elderly gentleman who continued the traditions of the Petersfields and the Hertfords and was a connoisseur in snuff-boxes. When snuffing was going out, smoking was coming in. Smoking led to the institution of the smoking-room in country houses, with the easy lounging dress of oriental fashion, donned when the ladies were supposed to have retired. And the loose smoking wear was the model of the very sensible dinner jacket, admirably suited to the gourmet at a social gathering en garçon. On the other hand, we have become more correct of an evening at the clubs and much more extravagant. As I knew them first, in the younger establishments, it was the exception to change the morning dress, unless a man were going to a dance or reception. It may be partly owing to the multiplication of theatres, but now three-fourths of the golden youths are radiant in white ties and spotless cambric; and as they are bound to dine up to their dress, they indulge in second-growth clarets or champagne in place of the bitter beer and the modest half-pint of sherry.

*Alexander Innes Shand.*

**MR. ROOSEVELT'S SPEECH.**

Mr. Roosevelt's speech at Provincetown was in every way worthy of the occasion and of the man who made it. It had, however, in it nothing in the nature of surprise, but was exactly what one would have expected. The only surprising thing about it, indeed, is the fact that any one could have imagined that the President should or would adopt a tone different from that which he did adopt. Consider the situation. During the last ten years the national Legislature has passed a series of Acts regulating and controlling the actions of the great trading corporations and Trusts. Hitherto, partly owing to Executive weakness and apathy, but still more to the almost infinite capacity for delay displayed by all branches of the Judicature in the United States, the law has not been put into operation, or when it has been the ingenuity of the corporation lawyers has sufficed to evade it. At last, however, the Courts have got to close quarters with a Trust, and a Judge has actually declared the elementary truth, as we regard it here, that if a company, no matter how powerful, breaks the law, it must take the consequences in the matter of fines and other punishments provided by the statute, just as if it were a poor individual or a small trading company. Nevertheless, so strange has the notion that even the Trusts must obey the law grown to the people of the United States, and so ingrained has become the belief that if only a trading corporation is big enough and wealthy enough it stands above, or at any rate outside, the law, that a vast number of Americans appear to have expected that the President would shrink back when he saw the results of the laws he has called for

or approved, and that he would somehow or other prevent those laws being applied. He would, it was averred, "save the situation" and "restore confidence" by preventing the "persecution" of industrial enterprises. Those who, in effect, asked that the Trusts should be given a position of privilege have had their answer from Mr. Roosevelt's own lips. In terms that cannot be mistaken, the President has told his fellow-citizens that the law is no respecter of persons, and that there cannot be one law for the rich company and another for the poor individual. That the enunciation of such commonplaces should have caused "disturbance," "sensation," "anxiety," and "gloom" in business circles is a measure of how far the spirit of lawlessness has affected the mind of America. One might gather from some of the comments on Mr. Roosevelt's speech that he was a red-hot Socialist bent, torch in hand, on the ruin of his country.

If we turn to the text of Mr. Roosevelt's speech, it will be seen that we have in no way exaggerated the spirit in which he deals with the problem with which the United States is faced:—"There is a growing determination in our country that no man shall amass a great fortune by special privilege, chicanery, and wrongdoing, so far as it is in the power of legislation to prevent it, and that fortunes when amassed shall not have a business use that is anti-social." "Experience," continued Mr. Roosevelt, "has shown that an effort to control great corporations by mere State action cannot produce wholesome results. I believe in a national incorporation law for corporations engaged in inter-State business. I believe, furthermore, that the need for action is most pressing as regards

the corporations which, because they are common carriers, exercise a quasi-public function, and which can be completely controlled in all respects by the Federal Government by the exercise of the power conferred upon it under the Inter-State commerce clause, and, if necessary, under the post-road clause of the Constitution." After noting the allegation that the Government had caused the recent disturbance in the stock markets, and ought to do something to ease the situation, the President dealt directly with the question we have touched on above,—i.e., whether breakers of the law should be exempt if only rich enough and engaged in sufficiently enormous enterprises:—

But it may well be that the determination of the Government, in which, gentlemen, it will not waver, to punish certain malefactors of great wealth has been responsible for something of the troubles, at least to the extent of having caused these men to combine to bring about as much financial stress as they possibly can, in order to discredit the policy of the Government, and thereby to secure the reversal of that policy so that they may enjoy the fruits of their own evil-doing. That they have misled many good people into believing that there should be such a reversal of policy is possible. If so, I am sorry, but it will not alter my attitude. Once and for all let me say that, so far as I am concerned, and for the eighteen months of my administration that remain, there will be no change in the policy we have steadfastly pursued. It is idle to ask me not to prosecute criminals, rich or poor, but I desire no less emphatically to have it understood that we have undertaken, and will undertake, no action of a vindictive type, and, above all, no action which shall inflict great or unmerited suffering upon innocent stockholders, and upon the public as a whole. Our purpose is to act with the minimum of harshness compatible with obtaining our ends. In the man of great wealth who has earned his wealth honestly and used it

wisely we recognize a good citizen, worthy of all praise and respect. Business can only be done, under modern conditions, through corporations, and our purpose is heartily to favor corporations that do well.

There is no need to make Mr. Roosevelt's plain speaking plainer. No one who is not anxious, or, rather, determined, to mistake him can imagine that he is any enemy to industry or to the legitimate accumulation of wealth, or that he has any Socialistic bias. On the contrary, it is clear that he is to be counted as the best friend of property and of a State organized on individualistic lines. He stands for the rights of property and the rights of the individual against a lawlessness which, if persisted in, can only have one end—the destruction of a State based on individual freedom and private property.

If we look at the President's speech as a whole, we shall see that he is striking against what is in reality the chief defect of modern America on the political side. The story of the politician who was asked to give his opinion on the Prohibition Law is one of those "luciferous sayings" of which Bacon speaks. "I'm for the law, but agin its enforcement," said the politician. The people of the United States have hitherto believed too much in the virtue of the printed statute, and have thought too little of how to carry out the law. Careless in their easy optimism, and persuaded by clap-trap rhetoricians that the principles of democracy would be infringed by giving their Judges the pay, the prestige, and the social power and influence which they possess in this country—a power and influence which greatly facilitate even-handed justice when millionaires and politicians with a "pull" are to be dealt with, and in no way prejudice the poor man's cause—they have too often allowed their Courts to be impotent

when faced by great and wealthy trading organizations. The American people have been too apt to think, in fact, that when a thing is ordered to be done it is done. They have forgotten that there is another stage quite as important as giving an order, and that is seeing to its execution. Unless ample provision is made for such execution, it is better not to give the order at all. Every disregarded or imperfectly obeyed order is a serious danger and source of weakness to those who give it. Men are taught to think that it is

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safe and easy to disobey. If, then, Mr. Roosevelt can teach his fellow-countrymen that they must give up the national habit of passing laws and then forgetting to carry them out, he will have conferred on them an incalculable benefit. The man who is for a law but against its enforcement is a national disgrace and a national danger. Those who tolerate and are amused by such an attitude can expect nothing but scandal heaped on scandal, and the gradual degradation of every social and political institution.

### JOSEPH JOACHIM.—A REMEMBRANCE.

"Coleridge is dead!" Charles Lamb would suddenly exclaim in the midst of other conversation, during the weeks that followed the poet's death. And those who have loved Joseph Joachim feel the need of repeating such words to make them realize that he has gone. When men have lived the life of art or goodness belonging more or less to the eternal order of things, it is more difficult to grasp their mortality. For those who care for beauty, for the best in music and in life, a link has snapped never to be replaced. Music is not dead, cannot die; but the interpreter-genius who revealed it in its purest depths has passed away.

Those who, but a few years ago, heard him still at his strongest (at his best he always was) know the utmost limit of human achievement in art. "Whether in the body, or out of the body, I know not," was the feeling with which one always came away from hearing him. What was it that made his playing what it was? Was it his tone, his phrasing, the might and grace of his rhythm? Was it the wonderful union of passion and restraint? It was all these, it was something more than these. He had not drunk

at the spring of inspiration, he was that spring himself. It was this fount within him which compelled him, in spite of his vital personality, to become the music that he played; to be, in turn, Bach, Hadyn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms. Perhaps it is the heritage of his race to be the selfless testifier that he was. "If people would only *trust* the music," he once said, "they too often put themselves into it." Once when Brahms heard Joachim play again after an interval, "I felt," he wrote, "that there had been something lacking in life. Oh, how he plays!"

This particular effect of his music was due not only to the musician; it came from the man. If he stands for art he also stands for goodness: for duty, for loyalty, for obedience. Not for virtue, which affects a man's relation to himself, but for the kinder, sweeter power which means his bond with others; the "human charity," which Beethoven said "was the only superiority that counted." Sometimes one was even tempted to wish that Joachim's charity did not suffer so long and be kind. The most social of men, he would not reject anybody.

Of course, like all interesting people,

he liked interesting people best, and men who had made their mark in the world inspired him with respect and curiosity. He was courtly without being a courtier. His feeling for the Emperor, for Royalty, was a sentiment—the sentiment that Goethe had at Weimar. Bismarck was one of the persons for intercourse with whom he had cared most, and for the last sixty years he had known most people worth knowing both in Germany and England. In the 'fifties he had played to Goethe's Bettina, and in his drawing-room at Berlin there hung a water-color sketch of him and a quartette of that day, high-collared in swallow-tailed coats, playing to a little old lady, Bettina von Arnim.

But the great friendships of his life were those for Mendelssohn, the Schumanns, and Brahms. His relations with Schumann began when he was very young. He had been playing Beethoven's Concerto, and he and Schumann came out together from the hot, crowded concert-room into the star-lit open. "Little Master Joachim," said Schumann, looking skywards, "do you think that star knows that you have just played the Beethoven Concerto and that I am sitting by you here?" As he spoke, he laid his hand tenderly upon the boy's knee. The incident was always alive to Joachim as if it had been yesterday. Fifty years afterwards he loved to tell the story, in his vivid way, acting the gesture, recalling the tones which the years had not dulled for him. Joachim's friendship for Brahms was one of those rare comings together which influence the history of art, like the friendship of Goethe and Schiller, of Coleridge and Wordsworth. In some ways the meeting of these two meant more than the conjunctions of creators, for without Joachim it is difficult to conceive how Brahms would have been adequately revealed to the world. Joachim im-

mediately recognized in him a sovereign of the legitimate dynasty. He himself had no mean place in the company of great composers, but, humbly putting his creative work aside, he devoted himself to the reverent interpretation of the greater masters, more especially of this last one, whom the world as yet did not understand. It was England that he found the most responsive, and he reaped his reward. After forty-five years, his last pleasure in this country was to lead a performance of all Brahms' chamber-music and to witness its established success.

The difference between Joachim and other artists was that intellectual equals such as these did not spoil him for the less effectual myrmidons. But with all his kindness it would be misleading to write of him as if he were a saintly bishop, instead of the most human of human beings. He did not affect tame company; he loved good looks, he loved quick wits and brilliance. He was himself witty. His humor had a sly malice, an innocent  *finesse* , and he did not object on occasions to point it at particular persons. Some one had been criticising Mr. Z., a fussy man of his acquaintance. "But he is *such* a kind friend," he rejoined—then, as if by an after-thought—"and he always lets me know it."

Another time, at a concert of Bach's music, he was sitting next a lady of high rank; they were looking over the score together. "She pointed out the beauties that were there—and some beauties that were not there," he remarked afterwards. But his vision of their weaknesses did not at all interfere with his liking either for Mr. Z. or the lady. His satire was never discourteous. He was asked if a woman of note—a reputed liar—were untruthful, as was supposed. "Let us call it romantic," he answered; "she was a very attractive person." The difficulty in defining Joachim, the most unpara-



doxical of persons, is to bring home to those who did not know him the union in him of simplicity and subtlety, of dignity and spontaneity, of a warmth that thrilled its recipient with a dislike of extravagance and excess; to make men realize the fulness of his artist's temperament, together with the qualities least supposed to belong to an artist. Joachim's punctiliousness, his self-control, his good manners, his good sense, his distaste for what was not obvious, his still greater distaste for what was lawless, are not the attributes, usually pertaining to the popular idea of a genius.

We have said that he gave up composition. It was not only to interpret the work of others that he did so. It was to fulfil his mission as a teacher. Those who have had the memorable good fortune to watch him among his pupils at his Hochschule, to see him conduct his orchestra, a king whose kingdom was youth; those who have witnessed his patience with all who did their best, his wrath with what was lazy or slovenly, understand how he spent himself for them. Of his sovereign kindness to young musicians, there are many stories to tell. He loved young life; he exacted nothing from it. "Am I boring you, children?" he asked some girls a little time ago, while he was playing Mozart.

Not only among his scholars was Joachim a King. There is a picture of him fresh before my eyes, when once, after a festival at Bonn, he was returning from a *Festfahrt* on the Rhine. As he stepped off the boat, a crowd received him, and he passed up to the town between two files of cheering people: undergraduates, tradesmen, Herr Doktors, English pilgrims, friends of all sorts. He had not expected an ovation; he was moved almost to tears as he walked between the ranks with royal simplicity; and

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Blessings and prayers, a nobler retinue  
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,  
Followed this wondrous potentate.

Yet the most enduring image of him, the one which lives for ever in our hearts, is the image of Joachim the player, standing by himself, or sitting with his Quartet, his Jovian head straight to the audience. The massive hair, the watchful eyes, the wonderful square, supple hands, from which virtue went forth, complete the man. He is surrounded by an atmosphere of concentration. His face wears a look of tension, a patient, almost troubled expression. Then the mighty bow is upraised, the Olympian fiddle poised against the shoulder, and the first attack holds us breathless. The tension disappears from his countenance; it becomes calm with a victorious serenity, with a rare intellectual force. There is no exaltation, no throwing back of the head, no common sigh of emotion, or excitement. But the eyes are transfigured with a spiritual light; the face is pervaded by an intense reverence.

The impression belongs to many places: to the Ducal Schloss at Meiningen amidst the green Thuringian hills; to the hall in the humble Yorkshire village at whose festival, amongst the moors, he liked to play; to the grim smoking towns of the Black Country; most familiarly to St. James's Hall, where he reigned so long.

Once at the rehearsal of a concert in that little Yorkshire village, he was sitting deep in talk with a friend. The last singer had finished her performance, but he did not perceive it. He looked up, and discovered that he was waited for. "It is *my* turn now; I must go," he said, concerned, almost as if he were a child hastening to obey his master's call. His turn *has* come now—the call found him ready.

Edith Sichel,

## SHOULD ESPERANTO BE ENCOURAGED?

A new danger threatens the world. An enemy has appeared, bearing the palm of peace but armed *cap à pie* for the destruction of the traditions, literature, and peculiar characteristics of the nations. The peoples are commanded to sacrifice national sentiment on the altar of utility, and to acquire a monotonous and uniform speech for the convenience of commercialism. The world is to speak a tongue, manufactured in the study from the odds and ends of half a dozen dialects; and the splendid medium of Shakespeare's genius, the subtle vehicle of Balzac's thought, the mellifluous instrument of Petrarch's passion, and the sensuous idiom of Cervantes and Lope de Vega, indeed all languages rich in romantic, heroic, and literary associations, are to be relegated first to the study, then to the museum, and finally to the limbo of the forgotten. Fortunately it is not the disposition of the British to welcome innovations with impetuosity, or some concern might be felt on account of the avidity with which, it is said, Esperanto has been taken up on the Continent. Nevertheless it is perhaps time to weigh some of the arguments so confidently advanced by Esperantists in support of Dr. Zamenhor's invention, and of which we shall hear more at the third Congress, which is to be held at Cambridge to-day and next week.

It is claimed that Esperanto is the easiest language to learn in the whole world. The simplicity of a language is no recommendation for its universal adoption, but rather increases the dangers that lurk concealed under the seeming advantages that the idea of a world-language suggests. The first consequence of this specious simplicity would be a checking of the study of

foreign languages, with a resultant loss in mental training which must retard the educational progress of the people. So closely interwoven with its language are the history, the character, and the sentiments of a nation, that only by a knowledge of their tongue can we form a right conception of the disposition of a people—a matter of immense importance in the conduct of international politics, and unattainable by any other means. In studying French, for instance, we learn much of the character of our Gallic neighbors, the very idioms of their speech throwing light upon national peculiarities; while an acquaintance with their literature in the original is necessary for a proper appreciation of their genius. Hence, the acquisition of a foreign language, no matter what the student's motive may be, leads directly to results which could not be looked for from a knowledge of a language which, being common to all nations, would convey no impressions of a distinctive national character.

We are next told that Esperanto is the most flexible, simple, and facile instrument for the expression of human thought and emotion that man has ever invented, a claim which in essence asserts that the language of Homer, of Shakespeare, of Victor Hugo, the glorious fruit of ages of striving on the part of the human mind to give vocal value to its thoughts, and in which the most subtle, noble, fanciful, and pregnant ideas have found adequate expression, can be advantageously superseded by the product of the mind of one man who, in the words of Shakespeare, must "have been at a feast of languages and stolen the scraps." We are further asked to believe that Esperanto is the best

medium for verbal and written intercommunication between Governments, and between countries connected by commercial ties. Commonly, the early training of Ministers entrusted with the conduct of foreign affairs largely consists in acting as ambassador at one or other of the European Courts. To such, a knowledge of the language of the country to which they are accredited is a prime necessity, not merely to render easy the transaction of the business that the ambassadorial duties entail, but what is perhaps even more important, so that they may keep their fingers on the pulse of the people and thus be in a position to warn and advise their Government and protect the interests of their own nation. To the diplomat, who needs with sleepless vigilance to watch for the slightest movement of the political barometer, a knowledge of Esperanto or any other artificial tongue would be of no more assistance than would an acquaintance with the language of the Martians. But our enthusiastic friends the Esperantists would have our ambassadors at Paris and Berlin ignore the languages of those respective capitals, and debate all the delicate and difficult questions that are constantly arising, in a second-hand speech of doubtful parentage. What applies to international politics applies more or less to international commerce.

It is further claimed that Esperanto will enable foreigners to travel abroad with ease and comfort, understanding and being understood by the people, though ignorant of the local tongue. Armed with an exhaustive knowledge of Esperanto we set out to travel, say, in France, hoping in our Esperantic way to do something towards still further strengthening *l'entente cordiale*. We proceed into the country, or to some of the less frequented towns and cities; but whenever chance brings us into contact with a Gallic disciple of

the prophet Zamenhof we discover that, as an Esperantist, he possesses no national characteristics. Around we hear the speech of the country, but, alas! it is so much Greek to us, and we turn in despair to our dis-nationalized interpreter, who can at his discretion translate to serve his own purpose. Surely it is odious to compare such "ease and comfort" with that enjoyed by one who possesses some knowledge of the language of the country which he is visiting.

The Marquis L. de Beaufront, President of the French Society for the Propagation of Esperanto, in a recent article, said the Congress at Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1905, and at Geneva in 1906, completely eliminated the objection that Esperantists are always combating,—namely, that Esperantists of different nationalities could not understand one another. He added:—

I have had twenty years of experience in fighting for our cause; and upon mature consideration I consider that my country has been conquered by Esperanto. Some efforts, no doubt, must still be made to teach the language to all of those who might use it in their divers international relations, be they scientific, commercial or otherwise; but that is now merely a question of time. We shall now go on all the more rapidly after early difficulties. In token of this I have men of all kinds and conditions, from the scholar to the working-man, who come to us in France in constantly increasing numbers and furnish us not only with recruits, but also with apostles. Comparing the past with the present, and taking everything into account, I believe that in less than ten years France, with millions of Esperantists, will have fully adopted this great project of an artificial international language, which Max Müller declares wholly feasible, and Esperanto as the best solution of the problem. . . . Before fifteen years have passed, if the United States join hands with us, all the civilized world will possess, aside from the national languages, an auxiliary international

language *easily accessible to all*—Esperanto.

Notwithstanding the assertion that the new language will help to popularize the literature of all nations (!) it is impossible to conceive how the spread of Esperanto will achieve that desirable end. All literature loses in translation, and a double translation must consequently mean a double loss. The idea of an Englishman reading his Balzac or his Zola in Esperanto savors of the ridiculous. It would be equally interesting to know how Esperanto will give a fresh lease of life to all the little languages of the little peoples that are in danger of effacement—a claim so extraordinary that it is safer to pass it over in silence.

Finally, we are told that Esperanto will unite all nations in a common brotherhood. The brotherhood of nations, as far as is possible and desirable.

is best based upon mutual respect, admiration, and interest. Differences in temperament more often ensure peaceful intercourse than uniformity of character. Our own history proves that a common language is no guarantee of peace; else how had the Wars of the Roses, the Civil War, the Revolution—yes, and the loss of the United States—occurred? Did a common language save France from revolution? And to-day, does a common language guard Russia from intestine strife? Obliterate the history of each nation, give them all a common form of government, equalize the climatic and other physical conditions throughout the world, and destroy national sentiment and the spirit of patriotism of which courage is the source, and then, maybe, Esperanto will transform the peoples of the world into one harmonious and happy family. The millennium will have arrived.

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## SANCTUARY.

It is a wild and stormy night, black-browed and horrible; such a night as when Macbeth slew his royal master; and there are "lamentings in the air, strange screams of death," and the distant roar of many voices clamoring like wolves for blood. A man worn and wearied is toiling up the dark, steep, silent lanes that lead to Durham Minster. Ever and anon he glances furtively behind him, and then he tries to run, but his tired limbs will scarcely bear him onwards. He stumbles over a heap of garbage in the street and nearly falls. The cries of his pursuers become louder. He is up again, and speeding on, and the long, dark outline of the minster is dimly seen. A few steps more, and then he catches convulsively at a huge strange knocker on the church-door. One loud,

appealing knock he makes, and then sinks exhausted on the minster steps. Two lay brothers slowly open the heavy door, and lead in the wanderer, and he is safe. Outside the avengers are clamoring for his blood, but they are too late. They cannot touch him now.

Such was sanctuary in olden days in England, a strange and curious custom which prevailed to a very large extent throughout the land. All churches had the privilege of sanctuary, and infraction was deemed a species of sacrilege, and was punished sometimes with the loss of life and goods. Even divine vengeance was believed to pursue the daring wretch who violated the holiness of a church, and presumed to capture one who had sought refuge therein. Thus Leland tells us of a

knight named Thurstin who was instantly struck with a disease for pursuing a person in a church with a drawn sword. Nor did Henry VII. dare to capture Perkin Warbeck, who sought sanctuary in a church, but allured him from his place of safety by a promise of life and pardon.

But inferior churches were not often resorted to, and this for a very excellent reason. Although avengers or ministers of justice dared not infringe the sacredness of sanctuary, they could guard the gates and doors of the church, and so prevent their victim from receiving any food. Sometimes they set fire to the church, and so compelled their prey to come out. Hence the wise man who had reason to fear for his safety sought refuge in some of the great *asyla*, where there was food enough provided for such as he, warm cloaks too, and plenty of liberty, and where his foes would not dare to come and seize him.

Such secure retreats were the beautiful Abbey of Beaulieu, in Hampshire, founded by King John; Battle Abbey, built by the Conqueror in memory of Senlac; the cathedrals of Winchester, Wells, Ripon, Norwich, York and Durham. If we had erred in London, we should have sought safety in the church of St. Martin-le-Grand, or the Temple, St. Mary-le-Bow, or the famous sanctuary of Westminster. The collegiate church at Manchester, now the Cathedral, Beverley Minster, the churches of Lancaster, Derby and Hexham would have offered us havens of rest in the north; and Colchester, Northampton, Merton Priory, Abingdon (Berkshire), in other parts of the country. Scottish debtors found protection in Holyrood Abbey, and its precincts remained a refuge for them until comparatively recent times.

Whence did this strange practice arise? It is doubtless connected with the Mosaic enactment appointing six

cities of refuge that the manslayer, who by misfortune or accident had killed a person, might have a place of security to flee unto. The Greeks, too, had their places of safety, such as the sanctuary of Cadmus at Thebes, and that of the Heraclidæ at Athens. Their temples were *asyla*, and especially the touch of the tutelary image brought safety to the refugee. Plutarch tells how Alexander would not violate the sacredness of a temple, and how he directed Megabysus to draw and entice a slave from his asylum and capture him, but not to touch him while he remained in the temple. The Romans, too, copied the Greeks, and the ancient founder of the city of the seven hills is said to have filled his newly erected Rome by declaring it to be an asylum, and thus collecting a colony of outcasts, runaway slaves, and lawless profligates. Juvenal might well reproach the Romans of his day with their base and ignoble descent.

To Boniface V., who assumed the Papal tiara in 609, is usually assigned the honor of instituting the privilege of sanctuary in Christendom. He ordained "that criminals who fled to churches should not be taken thence by force." The result was not entirely satisfactory, as the churches became the resort of thieves, traitors, murderers, and other villains. So great was the abuse that Pope Sixtus V. suppressed all the sanctuaries in Rome. His edict was not very effectual. Smollett tells us that he saw "the most execrable villains diverting themselves in the cloisters of some convents in Rome," and also beheld a man who had murdered his wife "taking the air with great composure and serenity on the steps of a church at Florence."

All Christian countries seem to have been furnished with sanctuaries, but in England they were more abundant than in any other land. It would be tedious

to enumerate all the laws relating to them issued by ancient Kings, from the times of Edgar and Alfred until their final abolition by James I. We would rather watch the system at work, watch the culprit as he flies to his restful haven, and see the welcome that awaited him there. At Durham, having gained the door of his minster, he raised the sanctuary knocker—a grotesque head made of bronze with a ring hanging from its grinning mouth. Its eyes were formerly filled with crystals or enamel. Two janitors who occupied chambers over the doorway, traces of which may still be seen, were ready to let the wanderer in at any hour of the night. They then tolled the Gallie Bell, in order that the outside world might know that some one had taken sanctuary. A gown of black cloth with a yellow cross, called St. Cuthbert's Cross, was given to the fugitive, and he was lodged on the south side of the Gallie Chapel. He was, moreover, disarmed, and was only allowed to retain a pointless knife to carve his food. This was a wise precaution in the most frequented sanctuaries, as bands of these sanctuary-men were sometimes known to sally forth from their harbor of refuge and commit murders and robberies and bring back with them their stolen goods. Such outrages rendered them liable to imprisonment in the monastic gaol, where they remained as long as they claimed their privilege; but they could depart when they pleased.

Beverley Minster retains the famous frith-stool or sanctuary chair, a rude stone seat which formerly bore the inscription:

HAEC SEDES LAPIDEA FREEDSTOLE DICTUR.  
I. E. PACIS CATHEDRA AD QUAM  
REVS FUGIENDO PERVENIENS OM-  
NIMODAM HABET SECVBITATEM.

Here the fugitive could wander with no fear of capture to a distance extending a mile from the church in all

directions. Richly carved crosses marked the limit of the sanctuary. The altar and frith-stool were regarded as the most sacred spots, which no one dared to violate. Great kindness and hospitality were shown to those who sought sanctuary at Beverley. They could have food in the refectory for thirty days, and usually lodgings in the precincts. At the end of that time their privilege protected them to the borders of the county. If a fugitive sought safety three times he became a permanent servant of the Church. He took an oath of fidelity to the Archbishop of York and the rulers of the Church, and was ordered

to bere gude hert to the Baillie of the town, to bere no poynted wepen, to help to quell riots and extingulsh fires, to do his dewty in rynging.

Here is an example of the form of entry in the register:

John Spret, gentilman, Memorandum that John Spret of Barton upon UMBER in the connte of Lyncoln com to Beverlay the first day of October the vil year of the reen of Keing Henry the VII, and asked the lybertes of Saint John of Beverlay for the death of John Welton, husbondman of the same town, and knawlig (acknowledged) hymself to be at the kylling of the saym John with a degart (dagger) the 15th day of August.

Some sought refuge for murders and felonies, many were debtors, and others were coiners of base money, stealers of horses and cattle, or were guilty of treason or other crimes. All sorts and conditions of men flocked to the sanctuary. Here came gentlemen, esquires, and gentlewomen too, wandering minstrels, chapmen with their wares, weavers, vintners, pewterers, singing men, pouch-makers, skinnners, and divers other workers and traders, who were driven by crime or misfortune to this secure haven.



The collegiate church at Manchester was constituted an asylum in the time of Henry VIII., and the sanctuary-men bore a cross in their hand, as a sign that they were pardoned for the sake of the holy place where they sought succor. But their presence caused much trouble to the merchants and traders of this busy hive of industry. "Divers light and evil-disposed persons" seeking sanctuary there used to escape out of the town by night and commit sundry great robberies and felonies upon the King's loving and obedient subjects, entice honest servants to unlawful games, and be guilty of many misdemeanors. Hence the act ordaining the privilege of sanctuary was refused, and the sanctuary-men removed to Chester, where there was a strong jail and a mayor and officers to curb the spirit of these not too sincere penitents.

What happened to the fugitive when his time of sojourn had expired? He was not usually supposed to have a right to burden the Church for ever. If we were travelling in mediæval times along the king's highway, we should occasionally meet a man carrying a crucifix in his hand. This was a sign that he was under protection, and that he was a sanctuary-man making his way to the nearest port in order to leave the country. Forty days were allowed him to try to gain a passage on board a ship. Each day he must wade up to his knees in water; and if after that period he failed to obtain a convenient vessel he might return to his sanctuary.

The name of the old sanctuary at Westminster still remains; it was the scene of many exciting episodes in the annals of English history. Here Edward V. was "born in sorrow and baptized like a poor man's child"; and here Skelton, the rude, raiding satirist,

*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

found shelter from the revengeful hand of Cardinal Wolsey. Sir Thomas More gives a picturesque account of the widow of King Edward IV. taking sanctuary in Westminster:

Therefore now she (Queen Elizabeth Woodville) toke her younger sonne the Duke of Yorke and her daughters and went out of the Palays of Westminster into the Sanctuary and there lodged in the Abbote's Place, and she and all her children and campaigne were registered for Sanctuary persons. Whereupon the Bishop (Lord Chancellor Rotheram, Archbishop of York) called up all his servants and took with him the great seal and came before day to the Quene, about whom he found much heavynesse, rumble, haste, businesse, conveighaunce, and carriage of her stuffe into Sanctuaries. Every man was busy to carry, bear, conveigh stuffe, chestes, and fardelles, no man was unoccupied, and some carried more than they were commanded to another place. The Queen sat alone belowe on the rushes all desolate and dismayed.

This privileged precinct, under the protection of the abbot and monks of Westminster, included the space immediately adjoining the Abbey on the west and north side. The privileges survived the Reformation, and the bulk of the houses which composed the precinct were not taken down till 1750.

When James of Scotland began to rule over England, one of the first acts of the "Solomon of the North" was to abolish the privileges of sanctuary with all the abuses, crimes and follies which had woven themselves around the ancient institution. But imagination still pictures the hunted criminal or luckless homicide clinging to the frith-stool at Hexham or Beverly, secure within the sacred circle of the crosses, while his pursuers cry aloud for vengeance, but dare not thwart the power and might that thus granted to him protection.

*P. H. Ditchfield.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Last year, a brief while since, an age ago," came a new poet and he seemed at first to add a third to the two who sing, with due reverence for their Maker, for the praise and glory of England. There was magic in his song and beauty, and all who loved poetry rejoiced and hoped for more songs, but hoped with the thought "He is very young" and "Who knows? It may be that his all was in that little book." Now comes another, "The Flower of Old Japan," and it is evident that Mr. Alfred Noyes is something more than a mere bard, and may go very far up the steep where Fame's proud temple shines; may, as he himself would rather choose, be found to have a message touching the highest things. His new book contains two stories as it pleases him to call them, two records of a child's dreams, visions of wonderful color, and light and formless sweet sound, and flashing glimpses of something above and beyond everything to be translated into words; something all powerful, ineffable, but because all powerful, beneficent. To summarize, much less to analyze the two visions is as impossible as it would be to set the scent of the rose upon paper, but the lover of poetry must not neglect to seek the book. Here is some consolation for the loss of the two English Titans, for the passing of the Scotsman who lies alone under the wide sky, and even for the departure of our own singer, latest lapped in lead, not because the new comer sings also but because he has a word to say which seems to make them live once more. The Macmillan Co.

"On the Civic Relations," although nominally a third edition of Mr. Henry

Holt's "Talks on Civics," published six years ago, is so changed in form and so greatly enlarged in substance that it must be regarded as a new book, and its present appearance is even more happily timed than its first at the very end of Mr. McKinley's first administration. The title, comprehensive as it is, is not too broad, for Mr. Holt does not seem to leave any possible point of contact between the citizen and the State, or between fellow citizens, unnoticed. "The Protection of Rights," "The Promotion of Convenience," and "Taxation" are the titles of the three "books" into which the work is divided, and in considering each the author adheres firmly to the purpose stated in the first edition of the work, the "development of a character of mind proof against political quackery." His invincible common sense, and his mental independence, as nearly complete as is consistent with equally balanced character were made so evident in the first edition of the book that it is needless to say that his readers will be helped towards that desirable end. Giving them some notions of the broad principles upon which a vote should be based is an attempt not made in many other books, intended even in part for young readers, and the topics of land and labor are seldom discussed with an eye single to truth, and with indifference to prevalent heresies. One can wish no better luck to a young American than to derive his opinions on civic topics from this book, and no better guide to a mature American now in error. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Of making many Series there is no end, and some of them are weariness both to the flesh and to the spirit, but

"Leading Americans" promises well. It is edited by Mr. William P. Trent: it opens with "Leading American Soldiers," by Mr. R. M. Johnston, lecturer at Harvard, and of the third generation as man of letters; and President Jordan, Mr. Merwin, Mr. Curtis Hidden Page, Mr. John Erskine, Mr. W. M. Payne and the editor are already announced as authors. One may venture to take exception to the detestable "Scientist" among the classes to be considered, and one may be pardoned for wondering why the "American Scholar" does not figure among the titles, but these, if they be defects, may be corrected. The first volume is excellent. The "soldiers" are Washington, Greene, Jackson, Taylor, Scott, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, Meade, Lee, Jackson and Johnston, with portraits of each. As the volume contains less than four hundred pages there is little room for elaboration, but by considering each man only in his military capacity, and by strictly adhering to the biographical plan, Mr. Johnston has succeeded in compressing more information into his limited space than is afforded by many a larger work. In the case of Scott, he has carefully corrected a popular misunderstanding fostered for years for reasons personal and political, and has set forth the military aspect of his retirement with no pretence of deference for civilians in authority, or junior officers in insubordination. The book is intended not only for adult readers but for intelligent boys both North and South, and they will find it better worth their attention than libraries of juvenile fiction. Henry Holt & Co.

Only one who has profoundly studied Japan in the country itself can pretend to criticise such a book as Mr. W. Petrie Watson's "The Future of Japan," and any otherwise reasonably modest person who might be so inclined

would learn wiser counsels from the author's preface. The most that can be done is to say that beginning with a general account of two ways by which the nation has come to its present state, the author proceeds under the general head of "Conditions of the Time" to give a critical view of the industrial, commercial, and sociological aspects of the Empire and its people; of individual and family life, of education, of religion and superstition, and of morality, present and past, closing with a Chapter setting forth the distinctive traits of the Japanese mind, and another describing the national attitude in the present era. In Part II, "The Future and its Problems," the philosophical position of Japan, her industrial and commercial aims, the Constitution and its difficulties are the first subjects and the book closes with some hundred profoundly interesting pages on the relations of Japan and Christianity and the influence of the Christ-Personality, and a chapter on the intentions of the empire and a summary entitled "The Final Question." The book can be heartily commended to those looking for a work not the result of a profound impression of the beauties of Japan, of fear of her strength, or of conviction of her desire for conquest but of a settled wish to understand her, both as she understands herself and as she really is and will show herself in the future. The book can be especially commended to clergymen, because of its author's deep conviction of the priceless value of Christian truth and of the Christ-Personality, both in Japan and elsewhere and also because of his spirited testimony to the faith that is in him. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The conception of an evil woman who involves herself in paradox, and controls and overawes her moral superiors by apparent refinement and delicacy belongs to Mr. Henry James, and

it is to be regretted that he was not allowed to remain its monopolist, but it must be owned that Miss Phyllis Bouome manages a duplicate very creditably in "The Imperfect Gift." Her Madame Merle is a Baroness whose royal lover although still living, has departed from her life long before his legitimate son engages her good offices with a beautiful English girl whom he wishes at first to draw into a morganatic marriage, and later, when she has wedded one of her own countrymen, to persuade to an elopement. The result of her diplomacy remains in doubt almost to the end, but it is so described that she will beguile many an unsophisticated reader of his tears as she pathetically considers her former lover's son ruefully musing upon the necessity of not carrying off another man's wife at the moment when his own has presented him with an heir. Readers with decent respect for the Decalogue and a reasonable sense of humor will perceive in the enormous absurdity of the position a sufficient punishment not only for the self-satisfied royal sinner but for the complaisant victim whom he does not accept, and the clever ally who abases herself so ineffectively, but the very ingenuity which amuses the cool-headed makes the book unsuitable for the average reader. It should not be admitted to public libraries although it cannot harm the seasoned student of modern fiction. The book takes its name from the nominal hero, an actor with a past, more than once repulsed by the fastidious heroine, but at last accepted on the ground that the best gifts offered by life are never quite perfect. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The fair ground of Sussex was discovered by Mr. John Halsham before Mr. Kipling invaded it, for "Idlehurst," was published ten years ago, and

"Lonewood Corner" which now appears describes another part of the Weald. Locality is the sole link between the work of the two authors. Mr. Halsham's second title calls his book "A Countryman's Horizons," and although they are wide enough to include Aristophanes and Seneca, he chiefly contemplates the quaint personages about him, the survivals of an elder time, the unchanged hedger and ditcher, the mower with the worn old scythe of which he knows every atom; the laddies shaped by village seclusion into types of Cranford picturesqueness; the Warden with his reflections, national, economic and literary; the young girl and the soldier lover whom she openly flouts but secretly finds perfect, and a company of others. He does not profess really to know the rustic; his theory is that the town-reared man never can know him and doubtless he is right. Even in this republic, the rural mind seems all but impenetrable to urban ideas, and in England with environment reinforced by heredity it may well be unassailable by any agent not of its own substance, but keen and sympathetic observation may set the rustic before the eyes of a third person and Mr. Halsham presents the Sussex species admirably. The style of the book should be the subject of every reader's thanksgiving. The author has either never heard or always despised the contemporary theory that sentences must be brief and paragraphs number at least four to the page, lest human nature faint beneath the burden of enforced attention. He writes freely, easily, gathering his sheaves of illustration everywhere in the field of argument and experience, and he does not bind them until they are ready. Consequently his pages present delightful unbroken expanses of type promising agreeable discursiveness, a promise amply fulfilled. E. P. Dutton & Co.

